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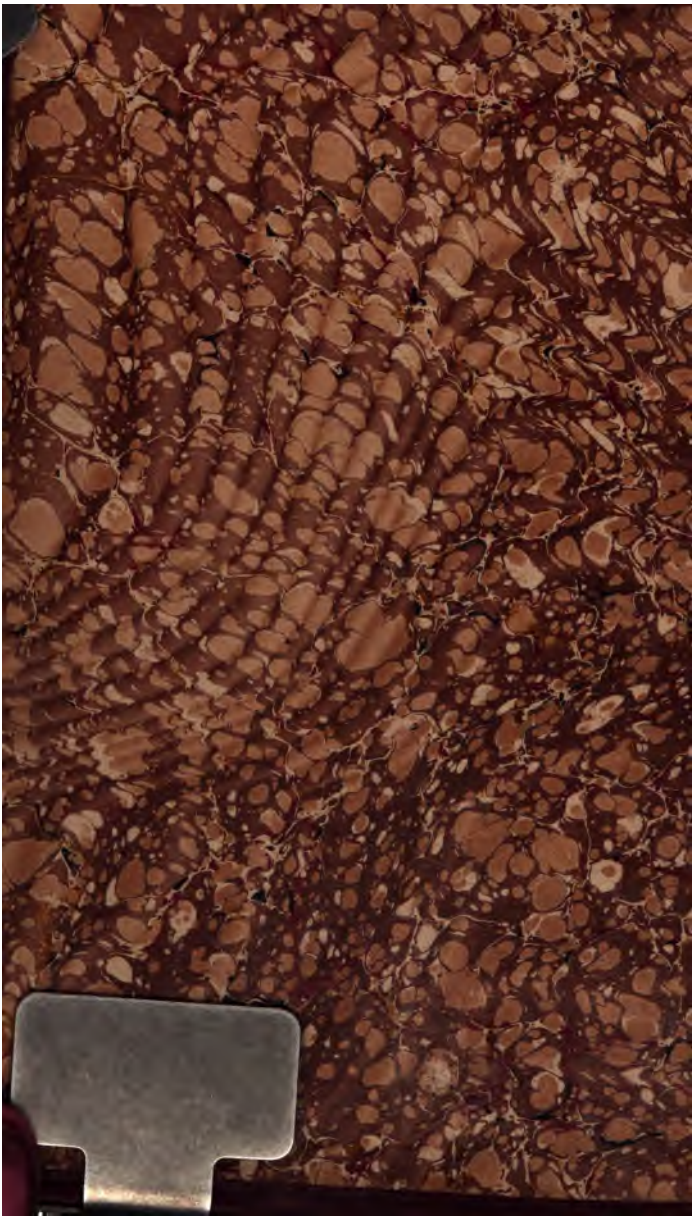

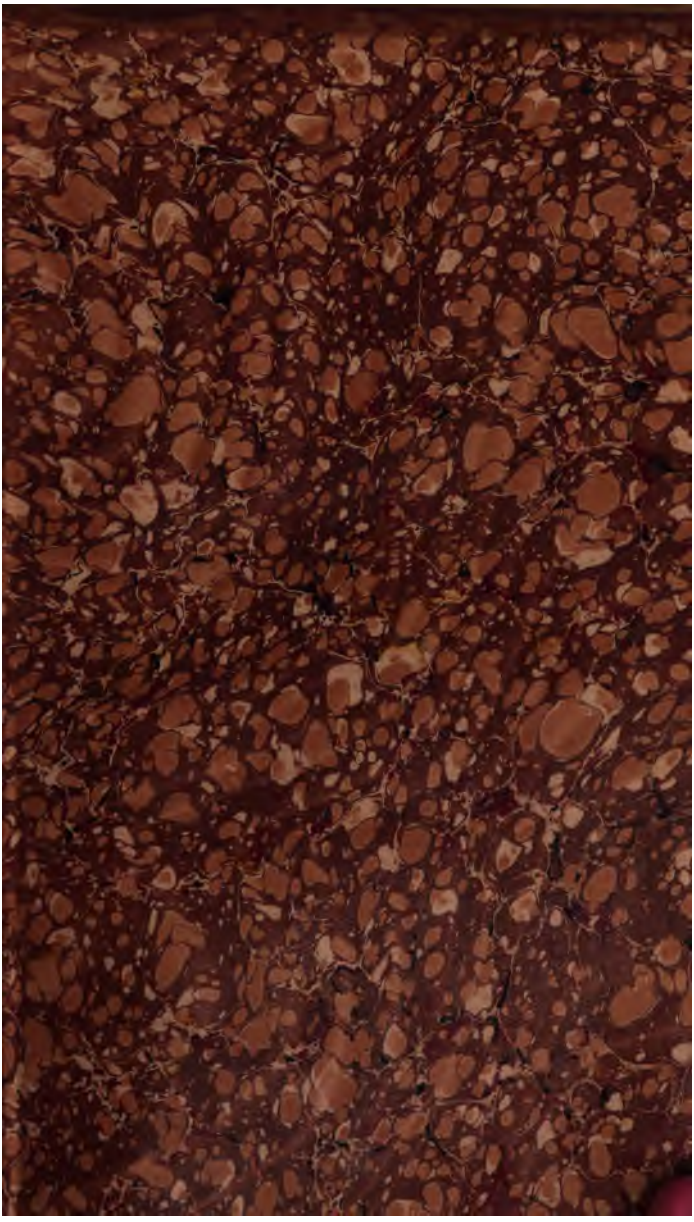

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# BOSCOBEL:

Or, The COMPLEAT

# HISTORY

Of the Moſt MIRACULOUS

## PRESERVATION

OF

## King *CHARLES* II.

After the BATTLE of *Worceſter*:

*APRIL* the 3d, 1651.

To which is added,

## *Clauſtrum Regale Reſeratum*:

OR THE

## King's CONCEALMENT at *Trent*.

Publiſh'd by Mrs. ANN WYNDHAM.

*The* FIFTH EDITION.

With a SUPPLEMENT to the Whole.

*LONDON*:

Printed: And Sold by all Bookſellers, and Venders of News and Subſcription-Books.

MDCCXLVIII.

TO ALL TRUE

# LOYALISTS.

THE *following Sheets were originally publiſhed in* 1662, *immediately after the* Reſtoration, *when the* Facts *were freſh in* Memory, *and the* Perſons *concerned, perhaps, all living; which is a ſufficient Proof of the* Genuineneſs *and* Truth *of the* Account. *The Credit of which ſtands further undeniably confirmed by the Liberty the* Author *had of dedicating it to the* Royal Sufferer Himſelf.

*THE* noble Hiſtorian *and others, who have given us the Hiſtory and Account of thoſe Times, are too voluminous and expenſive to be within the Reach of that Degree of Life, which will appear to have been the chief* Inſtruments *of* preſerving *his* Sacred Majeſty; *they were not Perſons of great Families and Fortunes, who know that their* Honours *and* Eſtates *as they came from, ſo muſt* depend upon the Crown *(though I would by no Means leſſen or depreciate the Merit of thoſe* Noble Families *who engaged in the Royal Cauſe) but the* Loyal Man *of inferiour* Birth *and* Fortune, *unimproved by* Education *and* Learning, *who perhaps had never any other Knowledge of, or Acquaintance with the Name of* the King, *but the diſagreeable one of paying* Taxes *to him: I ſay, when Men of this* low Rank *are not to be* deterred *by the utmoſt* Dangers, *not* corrupted *by the* largeſt Rewards, *not* influenced *by the* prevailing Principle *of* Intereſt; *in what a different* Light *does ſuch* Virtue, *ſuch* Loyalty *appear, from that of the* higheſt Rank, *whoſe certain Intereſt it is to be ſo. In Juſtice therefore to the Memory of thoſe* faithful Perſons, *who were the* miraculous Inſtruments *of the* King's Eſcape, *and*

*and that their Names may be preſerved from* Oblivion, *and tranſmitted to the lateſt* Poſterity, *with all the* Honour *due to them, the following Hiſtory is reſtored to Light. It may teach the* Prince *to ſet a* true Value *upon the meaneſt of his* Subjects: *He ſees when the Lyon is entangled, the loweſt Animal may be of Service to him. It may teach the* People, *that though for the Sins of the Nation,* Anarchy *and* Confuſion *is ſometimes permitted to flouriſh, that* God *by whom* Kings reign, *does* miraculouſly preſerve, *and in his own Time, as* miraculouſly *reſtore them. To ſee any human Creature in Diſtreſs, moves* Compaſſion *in a* generous Breaſt; *but when* Royalty *is reduced to the laſt Extremity, even the Enemies to that Government can't but ſhed a Tear, if they are not harder than the* Adamant itſelf. *I own I cannot but tremble (though I own the happy Event) when I paint the* Bloody Regicides *under the* Royal Tree, *when I hear their* monſtrous Imprecations *and* Curſes *againſt* God *and his* Vicegerent; *when I travel with that* unfortunate Prince *by the* Troops *of his* Enemies, *who* thirſted after his Blood, *and trace every weariſome and dangerous Step he took; when I reflect upon the Secrecy that was preſerved among ſuch Numbers of all* Sorts *and* Sexes,

Sexes, I *can think no more of any* Human Cauſe *or* Conduct, *but acknowledge the* divine Hand *in every Act, as viſible as if the Writing had been upon the Wall, and muſt declare it the* Lord's Doings, *and* marvellous *in our Eyes.*

*I choſe to publiſh this at this Time, in hopes that from the ſmall* Expence *and Shortneſs, it may fall into the Hands of Numbers, who by ſeeing the Miſeries brought on the* King *and* Kingdom *by the* unparrallel'd Wickedneſs *of thoſe Times, they may for the future have a due Senſe of the* Murder *of the* Thirtieth *of* January, *and treat the Act of that Day with* greater Abhorrence *and* Deteſtation *than the preſent Age ſeems to do; and may likewiſe celebrate annually the* Twenty-ninth *of* May, *with the ſame* Demonſtrations *of* Joy, *as were ſhewn at the* Reſtoration.

THE

# TO THE READER.

BEhold, *I preſent you with an* Hiſtory of Wonders; *Wonders ſo great, that, as no former Age can parallel, ſucceeding Times will ſcarce believe them.*

*Expect here to read the higheſt Tyranny and Rebellion that was ever acted by Subjects, and the greateſt Hardſhips and Perſecutions that ever were ſuffer'd by a* King; *yet did His Patience exceed His Sorrows; and His Virtue became at laſt victorious.*

*Some Particulars, I confeſs, are ſo ſuperlatively extraordinary, that I eaſily ſhould fear they would ſcarce gain Belief, even from my modern Reader, had I not this ſtrong Argument to ſecure me, that no ingenuous Perſon will think me ſo frontleſs, as knowingly to write an Untruth in an Hiſtory where His Sacred Majeſty (my dread Sovereign, and the beſt of Kings) bears the principal Part, and moſt of the other Perſons concern'd in the ſame Action (except the Earl of* Derby, *Lord* Wilmot *and Colonel* Blague) *ſtill alive, ready to pour out Shame and Confuſion on ſo impudent a Forgery.*

*But I am ſo far from that foul Crime of publiſhing what's falſe, that I can ſafely ſay, I know not one Line unauthentick; ſuch has been my Care, to be ſure of the Truth, that I have dilligently collected the Particulars from moſt of their Mouths, who were the very Actors themſelves in this Scene of Miracles.*

*To every individual Perſon (as far as my Induſtry could arrive to know) I have given the Due of his Merit; be it for Valour, Fidelity, or whatever other Quality that any Way had the Honour to relate to His Majeſty's Service.*

*In this later* Edition *I have added ſome Particulars, which came to my Knowledge, ſince the Publication; and have obſerv'd, that in this Perſecution, much of His Majeſty's Actions and Sufferings have run parallel with thoſe of King* David.

*And though the whole Complex may want Elegance and Politeneſs of Style (which the Nature of ſuch* Relations *does not properly challenge) yet it cannot want Truth, the chief Ingredient for ſuch Undertakings; in which Aſſurance I am not afraid to venture my ſelf in your Hands.*

Read on, and wonder.

*The*

# To the READER.

*The* PLAIN-DEALER *(Numb.* 50, *which came out on* Friday Sept. *the* 11*th*, 1724.*) upon his reading* BOSCOBELL, *has the following* Words, *which were thought not improper to be prefix'd to the preſent Edition of this Book.*

"I There meet, *ſays he*, with ſuch a prodigious Inſtance of Fidelity, and Loyalty, in a poor mean Country Fellow, nam'd *Penderell*, and all his *Family*, that I know not *any* ſo illuſtrious, to which my Heart would lead me to pay greater Honour, or ſincerer Acknowledgments of my Eſteem. I am not at all ſurprized to find, that this amazing Incident of glorious Integrity, is cooly, and inſenſibly treated by Men of pretended but ſlender Abilities; who have an Affectation to ſhine upon more pompous Subjects; who chuſe rather to ſpend their Vain Strength in relating the Fury, and the Fate, of that Battle, and lay out all that miſtaken Eloquence in raiſing the Powers of Hell, and repreſenting the Prince of Darkneſs, as liſting himſelf by Contract, under *Oliver*, and puſhing on the criminal Succeſ-

" ſes, and the horrible Triumphs, which " he abtained. I am not in the leaſt ſurpriz- " ed at all this; but it is both a Matter of " Surprize, and Confuſion to think, that " ſo many truly great Poets and Orators, " ſhould live juſt after, and leave an Ex- " ample, ſo beneficial to all Poſterity, to " be in a Manner forgotten, for want of " being commended, with that true Spi- " rit and Warmth, which it ſo richly de- " ſerves.

" PERHAPS, the Hiſtory of the whole " World were we to turn it never ſo care- " fully over, could furniſh us with but very " few Things more ſurprizing, more a- " ſtoniſhing, more moving and pathetick, " more exemplary and edifying, than this " too much neglected, this yet uncelebrated " Paſſage! — A Monarch to be forc'd, by " a prevailing Faction, to turn a Fugitive, " in his own Kingdoms, to ſave his Life! " And when diſcomfitted Princes, diſabled " Lords, and routed Armies could not any " longer aſſiſt their Sovereign, that it ſhould " be reſerved by Providence, for a poor " ſimple Hind to preſerve this Lord's A- " nointed from a cruel purſuing Victor, " whoſe vaſt and præternatural Swells of " Fortune made him ſoon grow the Dread

" and

" and Terror of all *Chriſtendom!* — That
" it ſhould be reſerved for a poor igno-
" rant Countryman, to ſave a wife and
" mighty Prince from falling, like his good
" Father, to move our Pity, who was after-
" wards, by the Means of this wonderful
" Preſervation, received as our Glory, with
" the Applauſes and Acclamations, not
" only of our own three Kingdoms, but
" almoſt all the neighbouring Nations
" round about us! And ſhall this *Engliſh-*
" *man* be left to be recorded with Honour
" by foreign Writers, and be only coldly
" ſpoken of by our own? — Is he a mean
" Man? Conſider the noble Truſt, and the
" noble Diſcharge of it! and he grows
" great in Honour, in Proportion to the
" Meanneſs of his Condition. Is he poor!
" How does that Poverty add to the Rich-
" neſs of his Virtue, who hears *Præmium*
" bid for the precious Life, he has in
" Cuſtody, and yet, diſdaining the Bribe
" of Gold, would rather venture his own
" Life for his Loyalty, than get a Liveli-
" hood by turning a Traytor? Sure, no-
" thing but a narrow minded Soul, which
" is abandon'd to a Spirit of Barbarity and
" Meanneſs, can let a little Idea of him
" enter his Thoughts, upon the Account

" of his being a mean and deſpicable Fi-
" gure. It is the nobleſt Addition to his
" Greatneſs! As inconſiderable as he might
" be otherwiſe, he muſt in this View, make
" a fine Picture in the Imagination of all
" Men of Honour; and he is a living Diſ-
" grace to all thoſe titled Criminals, who
" followed the gay, but wicked Fortunes,
" and partook in the Impious Greatneſs, of
" the Purſuer of Majeſty. Thoſe only,
" who look no farther than the outſide of
" Things, will think him, becauſe a *Ple-*
" *bian*, below *Eulogy*; but I, who view
" him with the ſame Eyes as the *Romans*
" would a Dictator at his Plough, almoſt
" think him above it. Had he liv'd in the
" Times of the *Latin* Bards, and been the
" Preſerver of an *Auguſtus*, his honeſt Con-
" tempt of bribing Gold, would have juſt-
" ly given him a Place equal with *Camillus*,
" in the famous *Horation* Ode, conſecrated
" to the Praiſes of that Emperor.

" It is to me a Scene, that the Imagi-
" nation cannot entertain without a Mix-
" ture of Grief and Admiration, when we
" ſeem to place before our Eyes that Prince
" diſguiſed in the Habit of a Ruſtick, and
" going thro' ſo many Different Dangers,
" relying upon the Conduct and Fidelity

of

" of this *real* Ruſtick, this venerable Clown,
" and his little Family, for his Guards. I
" remember to have heard a great many
" ſay, That, *tho' he has heard the King tell*
" *the Story in jeſt, he has wondered to ſee many*
" *ſmile, when his Majeſty ſaid pleaſantly, That,*
" He was once in Danger of loſing his
" Guide, in the Night-time, but that the
" ruffling of *Richard*'s Calves-Skin Breeches
" was a Direction to his Ear in the Dark.
" *The King might, indeed, make a Jeſt of it*
" *himſelf, ſaid he, but I could find no Room*
" *for thinking of Majeſty in ſuch Diſtreſs,*
" *without being ſorrowful in earneſt, with a*
" *Grief, which was beyond the Notion of an*
" *odd and comical Dreſs to remove.*"——I
" muſt ſay the ſame, as this Nobleman,
" with regard to the King; and when I
" conſider *Penderell* on the other Hand,
" there is ſomething too ſerious in his Inte-
" grity, not to make us loſe all Thoughts
" of his Appearance, and venerate him in
" the Habit of a Clown. As there was a
" princely Perſon in one rough Garb; ſo
" was it a noble Soul that the other covered;
" for when he attended the King, for the
" laſt Time, he ſhewed, he had a true
" Senſe of the Weight of his Charge. For
" as his Majeſty was riding, he complain'd

" of

" of the Horſe, *That it was the heavieſt dull*
" *Jade he ever rode on.* To this *Penderell*,
" very ſenſibly, reply'd. — *My Liege! can*
" *you blame the Horſe for going ſo heavily*,
" *when he has the Weight of the three King-*
" *doms on his Back.*

" WHEN I am in the Meditation of the
" many Paſſages, that this little Hiſtory re-
" counts, between the King and *Penderell*,
" my Attention is ſo fixed to the melan-
" cholly Parts, which exerciſed this Man's
" Fidelity, that the knowing of the Story
" to the End, does not ſuddenly interrupt
" my ſerious Thoughts, with the then fu-
" ture Glories of a Reſtoration, that he was
" reſerved for, nor with the Wonders, that
" *Monk* was to perform.—I love to dwell a
" little upon the Fidelity of this good Man:
" It is a familiar Example, but it is the
" more uſeful; the leaſt Man may be faith-
" ful, and Fidelity will make him great;
" but the greateſt Man without Integrity,
" dwindles into a little one. — It is true,
" alſo, Integrity make a great Man greater;
" ſo it is with General *Monk*, a Name far
" beyond his Title as Duke of *Albemarle*.
" Every one admires the *General* and the
" *Reſtorer*; for my Share, it is a ſingular
" Pleaſure to me to dwell in Thought upon
" this

" this Subject only, 'till I conclude it, and
" to own publickly, how fondly I eſteem
" and venerate this honeſt Countryman of
" ours, this Preſerver of our King.

" A little Gentlemanly Eſtate was after-
" wards ſettled upon his Deſcendants for
" this Action; and had he been even ad-
" vanced by the Pleaſure of the King, from
" that lowly Degree, to the Nobility, no
" Lord could have thonght himſelf polluted,
" by having for his Peer and Companion,
" the Heir of that worthy Man, who had
" the Honour to preſerve, in ſo remakable
" a Manner, the Fountain of Honour it ſelf.
" But, as it was, I know no greater En-
" couragement can be given to People of all
" Conditions to be faithful, than this Ex-
" ample, which a King of *England* has
" given of the Truth of what has been ſaid
" by the wiſeſt of Kings and Men: *He that*
" *loveth Pureneſs of Heart, for the Grace of*
" *his Lips, the King ſhall be his Friend.*"

*The Inſcription upon the Tomb-Stone of* RICHARD PENDERELL, *ſituate in the Church-yard of St.* Giles's in the Fields, *near the* South-Eaſt *Corner of the Church.*

HERE lieth the Body of RICHARD PENDERELL, Preſerver and Conductor to His Sacred Majeſty King CHARLES II. of *Great Britain*, after his Eſcape from *Worceſter* Fight in the Year 1651, who died *Feb.* 8, 1671.

*Hold, Paſſenger, here's ſhrouded in this Herſe,*
*Unparallell'd* PEND'RELL, *thro' the Univerſe.*
*Like when the Eaſtern Star from Heav'n gave Light*
*To three loſt Kings, ſo he, in ſuch dark Night,*
*To* Britain's *Monarch, loſt by adverſe War,*
*On Earth appear'd a ſecond Eaſtern Star;*

*A Pole*

## An Inſcription, &c.

*A Pole aſtern, in her rebellious Main,*
*A Pilot to her Royal Sovereign.*
*Now to triumph in Heav'n's eternal Sphere,*
*He's hence advanc'd for his juſt Steerage here;*
*Whilſt* Albion's *Chronicle, with matchleſs Fame,*
*Embalms the Story of Great* PEN-D'RELL's *Name.*

## On a Piece of the ROYAL-OAK, ſent to a Gentleman as a Tobacco-Stopper.

*I Send you, Sir, this poor Remain of Wood,*
*Vile as it ſeems, 'tis venerably good:*
*It is a Fragment of that ancient Tree,*
*The* ROYAL-OAK, *Safeguard of Majeſty;*
*Which has the Force of Wind and Weather ſtood,*
*Till Time decay'd this very Heart of Wood;*
*And tho' ſome abdicated Years have paſt,*
*Since that brave Stock ſhot out and ſprouted laſt,*
*It ſtill remains ſuch in its Sacred Parts,*
*As thoſe who truly ſuffer* Loyal Hearts.

A SUM-

A

# SUMMARY

OF THE

# Royal PROGRESS,

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—*Arrives there in Safety,* p. 107
*A Summary Recepitulation of the great Difficulties and Hardſhips his Majeſty went thro' from the Time of his Eſcape from* Worceſter, *to his ſafe Arrival at* Paris. ditto

*Some further Particulars of the King's Eſcape may be ſeen in* Clauſtrum Regale reſeratum.

*A* Supplement *to* Boſcobel, p. 158

*A further Deſcription of the ſeveral Forms of Government, which by Turns, prevailed, during the Grand Uſurpation,* p. 187

*BOSCO-*

# *BOSCOBEL:*

## OR, THE

# HISTORY

## OF

## King CHARLES II^d's

## *Moſt miraculous* PRESERVATION *after the* BATTEL *of*

## WORCESTER, *&c.*

### PART I.

IT was in *June*, in the Year 1650, that CHARLES the II. undoubted Heir to CHARLES the I. of Glorious Memory, *King of* GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND, (after his *Royal Father* had been barbarouſly Murder'd, and himſelf Baniſh'd his own Dominions, by his own rebellious Subjects) took Ship-

ping at *Scheevling* in *Holland*, and having eſcaped great Dangers at Sea, arrived ſoon after at *Spey* in the North of *Scotland*.

On the 1ſt of *January* following, his Majeſty was Crown'd at *Scoon*, and an Army raiſed in that Kingdom, to invade this; in hope to recover his Regalities here, then moſt unjuſtly detained from him, by ſome Members of the *Long-Parliament*, and *Oliver Cromwel* their General, who ſoon after moſt Traiterouſly aſſum'd the Title of *Protector* of the new-minted Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*.

Of this Royal *Scotch* Army the General Officers were theſe, Lieutenant General *David Leſley*, Lieutenant General *Middleton*, (who is ſince created Earl of *Middleton*, Lord *Clarmont*, and *Fettercairn*) Major General *Maſſey*, Major General *Montgomery*, Major General *Datiel*, and Major General *Vandroſe*, a *Dutchman*.

The 1ſt of *Auguſt*, 1651, his Majeſty with his Army began his March into *England*, and on the 5th of the ſame Month at his Royal Camp at *Woodhouſe* near the *Border*, publiſhed his Gracious Declaration of General Pardon and Oblivion to all his loving Subjects of the Kingdom of *England* and Dominion of *Wales*, that would deſiſt from aſſiſting the Uſurped

Uſurped Authority of the pretended Common-wealth of *England*, and return to the obedience *they owed to their lawful King, and to the antient happy Government of the Kingdom*; except only *Oliver Cromwel*, *Henry Ireton*, *John Bradſhaw*, *John Cook*, (pretended Solicitor,) and all others who did actually ſit and vote in the Murder of His *Royal Father*.

And laſtly did declare, *That the Service being done the* Scotch *Army ſhould quietly retire, that ſo all Armies might be diſbanded, and the laſting Peace ſettled with Religion and Righteouſneſs*.

His Majeſty after the Publication of this gracious Offer, march'd his Army into *Lancaſhire*, where he received ſome conſiderable Supplies from the *Earl of Derby* (that loyal Subject,) and at *Warrington Bridge* met with the firſt Oppoſition made by the Rebels in *England*, but His Preſence ſoon put them to Flight.

In the Interim His Majeſty had ſent a Copy of his Declaration, incloſed in a Gracious Letter to *Thomas Andrews*, then Lord Mayor, (who had been one of His late Majeſty's Judges) and the Aldermen of the City of *London*, which, by Order of the Rump-Rebels then ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, was (on the 26th of *Auguſt*) publicly burnt at the Old

*Exchange* by the Hangman; and their own Declaration Proclaimed there and at *Weſtminſter*, with beat of Drum, and ſound of Trumpet; by which His Sacred Majeſty, (to whom they could afford no better Title then *Charles Stuart*) *His Abettors, Agents and Complices, were declared Traytors, Rebels and public Enemies.* Impudence and Treaſon beyond Example!

AFTER a tedious March of near three hundred Miles, His Majeſty, with his Army, on the 22d of *Auguſt*, poſſeſſed himſelf of *Worceſter*, after ſome ſmall oppoſition made by the Rebels there, commanded by Colonel *John James*; and at His Entrance the Mayor of that City carried the Sword before his Majeſty, who had left the Earl of *Derby* in *Lancaſhire*, as well to ſettle that and the adjacent Countries in a poſture of Defence, againſt *Cromwel* and his Confederates; as to raiſe ſome Auxiliary Forces to recruit his Majeſty's Army, in caſe the ſucceſs of a Battel ſhould not prove ſo happy as all good Men deſired.

BUT (ſuch was Heaven's Degree) on the 25th, of *Auguſt*, the Earl's new rais'd Forces, being over-power'd, were totally defeated near *Wiggan* in that County by Colonel *Lilburn*, with a Regiment of Rebellious Sectaries. In which conflict the Lord *Widdrington*, Sir *Thomas*

*Thomas Tildeſly*, Colonel *Trollop*, Colonel *Bointon*, Lieutenant Colonel *Galliard*, (faithful Subjects and Valiant Soldiers) with ſome others of good Note, were ſlain; Colonel *Edward Roſcarrock* wounded, Sir *William Trockmorton*, (now Knight Marſhal to His Majeſty) Sir *Timothy Fetherſtonbaugh*, (who was beheaded by the Rebels at *Cheſter*, on the 22d of *October* following) Colonel *Baines*, and others taken Priſoners, and their General the Earl of *Derby*, (who charged the Rebels Valiantly, and received ſeveral Wounds) put to flight with a ſmall number of his Men: In which Condition he made choice of the way towards *Worceſter*, whither he knew his Majeſty's Army was deſign'd to March.

After ſome Days, my Lord, with Colonel *Roſcarrock* and two Servants got into the confines of *Staffordſhire* and *Shropſhire* near *Newport*, where at one Mr. *Watſon's* Houſe he met with Mr. *Richard Snead*, (an honeſt Gentleman of that Country, and of his Lordſhip's Acquaintance) to whom he re-counted the Misfortune of his Defeat at *Wiggan*, and the Neceſſity of his taking ſome reſt, if Mr. *Snead* could recommend his Lordſhip to any private Houſe near hand, where he might ſafely continue, till he could find an Opportunity to go to His Majeſty.

MR. *Snead* brought my Lord and his Company to *Boſcobel-Houſe*, a very obſcure Habitation, ſcituate in *Shropſhire*, but adjoining upon *Staffordſhire*, and lies between *Tong-Caſtle* and *Brewood*, in a kind of Wilderneſs. *John Giffard*, Eſq; having built this Houſe about thirty Years ſince, invited Sir *Baſil Brook* with other Friends and Neighbours to a Houſe-warming Feaſt; at which time Sir *Baſil* was deſired by Mr. *Giffard* to give the Houſe a Name, he aptly calls it BOSCOBEL (from the *Italian Boſco-bello*, which in that Language ſignifies *Fair-wood*) becauſe ſeated in the midſt of many fair Woods.

AT this Place the Earl arriv'd on the 29*th*, of *Auguſt*, (being *Friday*) at Night, but the Houſe at that time afforded no Inhabitant except *William Penderel*, the Houſe-keeper and his Wife, who, to preſerve ſo eminent a Perſon, freely adventur'd to receive my Lord, and kept him in ſafety till *Sunday* Night following, when (according to my Lord's deſire of going to *Worceſter*) he convey'd him to Mr. *Humphry Elliot*'s Houſe at *Gataker-Park*, (a true hearted Royaliſt) which was about nine Miles on the way to *Boſcobel* thither. Mr. *Elliot* did not only chearfully entertain the Earl, but lent him ten Pounds, and conducted

ducted him and his Company ſafe to *Worceſter.*

THE next Day after his Majeſty's arrival at *Worceſter*, being *Saturday* the 23*d* of *Auguſt*, he was Proclaimed King of GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND, by Mr. *Thomas Liſens*, Mayor, and Mr. *James Bridges*, Sheriff of that loyal City, with great Acclamations.

ON the ſame Day his Majeſty publiſh'd this following *Manifeſto* or *Declaration.*

CHARLES *by the Grace of God, King of* ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, *and* IRELAND; *Defender of the Faith*, &c. *To all whom it may concern Greeting. We deſire not the effuſion of Blood, we covet not the ſpoil or forfeiture of our People, our Declaration at our entry into this Kingdom, the quiet Behaviour and Abſtinence of our Army throughout this long March, and our general Pardon declared to all the Inhabitants of this City, without taking advantage of the oppoſition here made us, by a force of the Enemy over-maſtering them, until we chaſed them away, have ſufficiently certified both what we ſeek is only that the Laws of* ENGLAND *(which ſecure the right both of King and Subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all paſt bitterneſs of*

*theſe*

*theſe unnatural Wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our Warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby Summon, upon their Allegiance, all the Nobility, Gentry, and others of what degree and condition ſoever of our County of* Worceſter, *from ſixteen to ſixty-to appear in their Perſons, and with any Horſes, Arms and Ammunition they have or can procure, at* Pitch-Croft, *near the City, on* Tueſday *next being the 26th of this Inſtant Month, where our ſelf will be preſent that Day (and alſo the next, in caſe thoſe of the further parts of the County ſhould not be able to come up ſooner) to diſpoſe of them as we ſhall think fit, for our Service in the War, in defence of this City and County, and to add unto our marching Army, and to apply others (therein verſed) to matters of civil Advice and Government. Upon which appearance we ſhall immediately Declare to all preſent and conforming themſelves to our Royal Authority, our* Free Pardon, *not excluding from this Summons or the Pardon held forth, or from truſt and imployment in our ſervice, as we ſhall find them cordial and uſeful therein, any Perſon or Perſons heretofore, or at this time actually employ'd in oppoſition to us, whether in the Military way, as Governors, Colonels, Captains, Common Soldiers, or whatſoever elſe; or in the Civil as Sheriffs, under-Sheriffs,*

*Sheriffs, Juſtices of the Peace, Collectors, High-Conſtables, or any other higher or lower Quality; for ſecuring of all whom before mentioned, in their loyal Addreſſes, and performances, (beſides our Army more then once ſucceſsful ſince our entrance) which will be between Them and the Enemy, and the engagement of our own Perſon in their defence,) we have directed this City to be forthwith fortified, and ſhall uſe ſuch other helps and means as ſhall occur to us in order to that end: But on the other ſide, if any Perſon of what Degree or Quality ſoever, either thro' Diſloyalty, and Diſaffection, or out of fear of the cruel Uſurpers, and Oppreſſors, accompanied with a preſumption upon our Mercy and Goodneſs; or laſtly, preſuming upon former Service, ſhall oppoſe, or neglect us at this Time, they ſhall find, that as We have Authority to puniſh in Life, Liberty and Eſtate, ſo we want not now Power to do it, and (if over much provoked) ſhall not want the will neither, and in particular unto thoſe who have heretofore done and ſuffered for their Loyalty: We ſay it is now in the Hands either to double that Score, or to ſtrike it off; concluding with this, That altho' our diſpoſition abound with tenderneſs to our People, yet we cannot think it ſuch to let them lye under a confeſt Slavery, and falſe Peace, when as we well know, and all the World may ſee, we have force enough*

*enough, with the conjunction of thoſe that Groan under the preſent Yoak, (we will not ſay to diſpute, for that we ſhall do well enough with thoſe we have brought with us) but clearly (without any conſiderable oppoſition) to reſtore together with our ſelf the Quiet, the Liberty, and the Laws of the* Engliſh *Nation.*

GIVEN at our City of *WORCESTER* the 23d, of *Auguſt* 1651. and in the III. Year of our Reign.

UPON *Sunday* the 24th of *Auguſt*, Mr. *Croſby* (an eminent Divine of that City) Preached before his Majeſty in the Cathederal Church; and in his Prayer, ſtiled his Majeſty, *in all Cauſes, and over all Perſons, next under God, Supreme Head and Governor:* At which the Preſbyterian *Scots* took exception, and Mr. *Croſby* was after[illegible]s admoniſhed by ſome of them to forbear ſuch expreſſions.

TUESDAY the 26th of *Auguſt*, was the Rendevouz in *Pitchcroft* of ſuch loyal Subjects as came to his Majeſty's aid, in purſuance of his before-mentioned Declaration and Summons: Here appeared

*Francis* Lord *Talbot*, now Earl of *Shrewſbury* with about 60 Horſe.

Mr.

Mr. *Mervin Touchet*, his Lieutenant Colonel.
Sir *John Packington.*
Sir *Walter Blount.*
Sir *Ralph Clare.*
Sir *Rowland Berkley.*
Sir *John Winford.*
Mr. *Ralph Sheldon* of *Beoly.*
Mr. *John Waſhburn* of *Witchinford*, with 40 Horſe.
Mr. *Thomas Hornyold* of *Blackmore Park*, with 40 Horſe.
Mr. *William Seldon* of *Finſtall.*
Mr. *Thomas Acton.*
Captain *Benbow.*
Mr. *Robert Blount* of *Kenſwick*,
Mr. *Robert Wigmore* of *Lucton.*
Mr. *Edward Pennel* the Elder.
Captain *Kingſton.*
Mr. *Peter Blount.*
Mr. *Edward Blount.*
Mr. *Walter Walſh.*
Mr. *Charles Waſh.*
Mr. *William Danſey.*
Mr. *Francis Knotsford.*
Mr. *George Chambers*, &c.

WITH divers others, who were honoured and encouraged by his Majeſty's Preſence: Notwithſtanding which Acceſs, the Number of

of his Army both *Engliſh* and *Scots*, was conceived not to exceed 12,000 Men, *viz.* 10,000 *Scots*, and about 2000 *Engliſh*; and thoſe too not excellently armed, nor plentifully ſtored with Ammunition.

MEAN time *Cromwel* (that grand Patron of Sectaries) had amaſs'd together a numerous Body of Rebels, commanded by himſelf in Chief, and the Lord *Grey* of *Groby*, *Fleetwood* and *Lambert* under him, conſiſting of above 30,000 Men, (being generally the Scum and Froth of the whole Kingdom) one part of which were Sectaries, who, through a Fanatick Zeal were become *Devotes* to this great *Idol*; the other part ſeduc'd Perſons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made Actors or Participants in this ſo horrible and fatal a Tragedy.

THUS then began the Pickeerings to the grand Engagement, Major General *Maſſey* with a commanded Party, being ſent by his Majeſty to ſecure the Bridge and Paſs at *Upton* upon *Severn*, ſeven Miles below *Worceſter*, on *Thurſday* the 28th of *Auguſt*, *Lambert* with a far greater number of Rebels attack'd him, and after ſome diſpute gained the Paſs, the River being then fordable. Yet the Major General behav'd himſelf very Gallantly, received a Shot in the Hand from ſome Muſke-

tiers

tiers the Enemy had conveyed into the Church, and retreated in good Order to *Worceſter.*

During this Encounter, *Cromwell* himſelf, (whoſe Head-Quarter was the Night before at *Perſhore*) advanc'd to *Stoughton*, within four Miles of the City on the South Side, himſelf quartered that Night at Mr. *Simons* Houſe at *White Lady-Aſton*, and a Party of his Horſe faced the City that Evening.

The next Day (*Auguſt* the 29th) *Sultan Oliver* appear'd with a great Body of Horſe and Foot on *Red-Hill* within a Mile of *Worceſter*, where he made a *Bonnemine*, but attempted nothing; and that Night Part of his Army quartered at Judge *Barkley*'s Houſe at *Speachley*. The ſame Day it was reſolv'd by his Majeſty at a Council of War, to give the Grand Rebel a *Camiſado*, by beating up his Quarters that Night with 1500 ſelect Horſe and Foot, commanded by Lieutenant-General *Middleton*, and Sir *William Keyth*; all of them wearing their Shirts over their Armour for diſtinction; which accordingly was attempted, and might in all probability have been ſucceſsful, had not the Deſign been moſt traiterouſly diſcover'd to the Rebels by one *Guyſe* a Taylor in the

Town, and a notorious Sectary, who was hang'd the Day following, as the juſt Reward of his Treachery: In this Action Major *Knox* was ſlain, and ſome few taken Priſoners by the Enemy. A conſiderable Party of the Rebels commanded by Colonel *Fleetwood*, Colonel *Richard Ingoldsby*, (who ſince became a real Convert, and was created Knight of the *Bath* at his Majeſty's Coronation) Colonel *Goff*, and Colonel *Gibbons* being got over the *Severn* at *Upton*, march'd next Day to *Powick* Town, where they made an Halt, for *Powick-Bridge* (lying upon the River *Team*, between *Powick* Town and *Worceſter*) was guarded by a Brigade of his Majeſty's Horſe and Foot, commanded by Major-General *Robert Montgomery*, and Colonel *George Keyth*.

The fatal 3d of *September* being come, his Majeſty this Day (holding a Council of War upon the Top of the *College* Church Steeple, the better to diſcover the Enemies Poſture) obſerved ſome Firing at *Powick*, and *Cromwell* making a Bridge of Boats over *Severn*, under *Buns-hill*, about a Mile below the City towards *Team* Mouth; his Majeſty preſently goes down, commands all to their Arms, and marches in Perſon to *Powick-Bridge*, to give Orders, as well for main-

maintaining that Bridge, as for oppoſing the making the other of Boats, and haſted back to his Army in the City.

Soon after his Majeſty was gone from *Powick-Bridge*, the Enemy aſſaulted it furiouſly, which was well defended by *Montgomery*, till himſelf was dangerouſly wounded, and his Ammunition ſpent; ſo that he was forced to make a diſorderly Retreat into *Worceſter*, leaving Colonel *Keyth* a Priſoner at the Bridge. At the ſame Time *Cromwell* had with much Celerity finiſh'd his Bridge of Boats and Planks over the main River, without any conſiderable Oppoſition; ſaving that Colonel *Piſcotty*, with about three hundred Highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handful of Men fighting againſt great Numbers: By this means *Oliver* held Communication with thoſe of his Party at *Powick-Bridge*, and when he had march'd over a conſiderable Number of his Men, ſaid, (in his hypocritical Way) *The Lord of Hoſts be with you*, and return'd himſelf to raiſe a Battery of great Guns againſt the *Fort-Royal* on the South-ſide of the River.

His Majeſty being return'd from *Powick-Bridge*, march'd with the Duke of *Buckingham*, Lord *Grandiſon*, and ſome other of

his Cavalry through the City, and out at *Sudbury-Gate* by the *Fort-Royal*, where the Rebels great Shot came frequently near his ſacred Perſon.

At this Time *Cromwell* was ſettled in an advantageous Poſt at *Perry-wood*, within a Mile of the City, ſwelling with Pride, and confident in the Numbers of his Men, having beſides rais'd a Breaſt-work at the Cockſhoot of that Wood, for his greater Security; but Duke *Hamilton* (formerly Lord *Lanerick*) with his own Troop and ſome Highlanders, Sir *Alexander Forbes* with his Regiment of Foot, and divers *Engliſh* Lords and Gentlemen Voluntiers, by his Majeſty's Command and Encouragement, engaged him, and did great Execution upon his beſt Men, forced the great *Sultan* (as the *Rhodians* in like Caſe did the *Turks*) to retreat with his *Janazaries*, and his Majeſty was once as abſolute Maſter of his great Guns, as he ought then to have been of the whole Land.

Here his Majeſty gave an incomparable Example of Valour to the reſt, by charging in Perſon, which the *Highlanders*, eſpecially, imitated in a great Meaſure, fighting with the But-end of their Muskets, when their Ammunition was ſpent; but new Supplies

plies of Rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main Body of *Scotch* Horſe not coming up in due Time from the Town to his Majeſty's Relief, his Army was forced to retreat in at *Sudbury* Gate in much Diſorder.

In this Action Duke *Hamilton* (who fought valiantly) had his Horſe killed under him, and was himſelf mortally wounded, of which he died within few Days; and many of his Troop (conſiſting much of Gentlemen, and diverſe of his own Name) were ſlain: Sir *John Douglaſs* received his Death's Wound; and Sir *Alexander Forbes*, (who was the firſt Knight the King made in *Scotland*, and commanded the *Fort Royal* here) was ſhot through both the Calves of his Legs, lay in the Wood all Night, and was brought Priſoner to *Worceſter* next Day.

The Rebels in this Encounter had great Advantage, as well in their Numbers, as by fighting both with Horſe and Foot, againſt his Majeſty's Foot only, the greateſt Part of his Horſe being wedged up in the Town. And when the Foot were defeated, a Part of his Majeſty's Horſe fought afterwards againſt both the Enemies Horſe and Foot upon great Diſadvantage. And

as they had few Perſons of Condition among them to loſe, ſo no Rebels, but Quarter-maſter General *Moſely*, and one Captain *Jones*, were worth taking Notice of to be ſlain in the Battle.

At *Sudbury* Gate (I know not whether by Accident, or on Purpoſe) a Cart laden with Ammunition was overthrown and lay a-croſs the Paſſage, one of the Oxen that drew it being there killed, ſo that his Majeſty could not ride into the Town; but was forced to diſmount and come in on Foot.

The Rebels ſoon after Stormed the *Fort Royal* (the Fortifications whereof were not perfected) and put all the *Scots* they found therein to the Sword.

In the *Friars-Street* his Majeſty put off his Armour, (which was heavy and troubleſome to him) and took a freſh Horſe; and then perceiving many of his Foot Soldiers began to throw down their Arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, ſometimes with his Hat in his Hand, entreating them to ſtand to their Arms, and fight like Men; other Whiles encouraging them, alledging the Goodneſs and Juſtice of the Cauſe they fought for; but ſeeing himſelf not able to prevail, ſaid, *I had rather you would ſhoot me, than keep me alive*

to

*to ſee the ſad Conſequences of this fatal Day.* So deep a Senſe had his prophetic Soul of the Miſeries of his beloved Country, even in the midſt of his own Danger.

DURING this hot Engagement at *Perry-wood* and *Red-hill*, the Rebels on the other Side the Water poſſeſſed themſelves of S. *John's*, and a Brigade of his Majeſty's Foot which were there, under the Command of M. Gen. *Daliel*, without any great Reſiſtance, laid down their Arms and craved Quarter.

WHEN ſome of the Enemy were entred, and entering the Town both at the *Key*, *Caſtle-hill* and *Sudbury* Gate, without any Conditions: The Earl of *Cleveland*, Sir *James Hamilton*, Col. *Tho. Worgan*, Col. *William Carlis*, (then Major to the Lord *Talbot*) L. Col. *John Slaughter*, Capt. *Tho. Hornyold*, Capt. *Tho. Giffard*, Capt. *John Aſtley*, Mr. *Peter Blount*, and Capt. *Richard Kemble* (Capt. Lieutenant to the Lord *Talbot*) and ſome others rallied what Force they could, (though inconſiderable to the Rebels Numbers) and charged the Enemy very gallantly both in *Sudbury-ſtreet* and *High-ſtreet*, where Sir *James* and Capt. *Kemble* were deſperately wounded, and others ſlain; yet this Action did much ſecure his Majeſty's March

March out at St. *Marten's* Gate, who had otherwiſe been in Danger of being taken in the Town.

About the ſame Time the Earl of *Rothes*, Sir *William Hamilton*, and Col. *Drummond*, with a Party of *Scots*, maintained the *Caſtle-Hill* with much Reſolution, till ſuch Time as Conditions were agreed on for Quarter.

Lastly, ſome of his Majeſty's *Engliſh* Army valiantly oppoſed the Rebels at the Town Hall, where Mr. *Coningsby Colles*, and ſome others were ſlain, Mr. *John Rumney*, Mr. *Charles Wells*, and others, taken Priſoners; ſo that the Rebels having in the End ſubdued all their Opponents, fell to plundering the City unmercifully, few or none of the Citizens eſcaping, but ſuch as were of the Phanatic Party.

When his Majeſty ſaw no hope of rallying his thus diſcomfited Foot, he marched out of *Worceſter* at St. *Martin's* Gate, (the fore Gate being mured up) about ſix of the Clock in the Evening, with his main Body of Horſe, as then commanded by General *David Leſley*, but were now in ſome Confuſion.

The Lord St. *Clare*, with divers of the *Scottiſh* Nobility and Gentry, were taken Priſoners

Priſoners in the Town. And the Foot Soldiers (conſiſting moſt of *Scots*) were almoſt either ſlain or taken, and ſuch of them (who in the Battle eſcaped Death) lived but longer to die, for the moſt Part, more miſerably; many of them being afterwards knock'd o'the Head by Country People; ſome bought and ſold like Slaves for a ſmall Price, others went begging up and down, till Charity failing them, their Neceſſities brought upon them Diſeaſes, and Diſeaſes, Death.

BEFORE his Majeſty was come to *Barbon's* Bridge, about half a Mile out of *Worceſter*, he made ſeveral Stands, faced about, and deſired the Duke of *Buckingham*, Lord *Wilmot*, and other of his Commanders, that they might rally and try the Fortune of War once more: But at the Bridge a ſerious Conſultation was held, and then perceiving many of the Troopers to throw off their Arms, and ſhift for themſelves, they were all of Opinion, the Day was irrecoverably loſt, and that their only remaining Work was to ſave the King from thoſe ravenous Wolves and Regicides: Whereupon his Majeſty by Advice of his Council, reſolv'd to march with all Speed for *Scotland*, following therein the Steps of King *David* his

his great Predeceſſor in Royal Patience, who finding himſelf in Circumſtances not unlike to theſe, *ſaid to all his Servants that were with him at* Jeruſalem, *Ariſe, and let us fly, for we ſhall not elſe eſcape from* Abſolom, *make ſpeed to depart, leſt he overtake us ſuddenly, and bring Evil upon us, and ſmite the City with the Edge of the Sword.*

2 Sam. xv. 14.

Immediately after this Reſu't, the Duke asked the Lord *Talbot*, (being of that Country) if he could direct the Way Northwards? His Lordſhip anſwered, that he had one *Richard Walker* in his Troop (formerly a Scout-maſter in thoſe Parts, and who ſince died in *Jamaica*) that knew the Way well; who was accordingly called to be the Guide, and performed that Duty for ſome Miles; but being come to *Kinver-Heath*, not far from *Kederminſter*, and Day-light being gone, *Walker* was at a puzzle in the Way.

Here his Majeſty made a Stand, and conſulted with the Duke, Earl of *Derby*, Lord *Wilmot*, &c. To what Place he might march, at leaſt to take ſome Hours Reſt; the Earl of *Derby* told his Majeſty, that in his Flight from *Wiggan* to *Worceſter*, he had met with a perfect honeſt Man, and a great Con-

Convenience of Concealment at *Boſcobel-Houſe*, (before-mentioned) but withal acquainted the King, it was a Recuſants Houſe; and it was ſuggeſted, that thoſe People (being accuſtomed to Perſecution and Searches) were moſt like to have the readieſt Means, and ſafeſt Contrivances to preſerve him; his Majeſty therefore inclined to go thither.

THE Lord *Talbot* being made acquainted therewith, and finding *Walker* dubious of the Way, called for Mr. *Charles Giffard*, (a faithful Subject, and of the antient Family of *Chillington*) to be his Majeſty's Conducter, which Office Mr. *Giffard* willingly undertook, having one *Yates* a Servant with him, very expert in the Ways of that Country; and being come near *Sturbridge*, it was under Conſideration, whether his Majeſty ſhould march through that Town or no, and reſolved in the affirmative, and that all about his Perſon ſhould ſpeak *French* to prevent any Diſcovery of his Majeſty's Preſence.

MEAN Time General *Leſley* with the *Scottiſh* Horſe, had in the cloſe of the Evening, taken the more direct Way Northward by *Newport*, his Majeſty being left only attended by the Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Lord *Talbot*,

*Talbot*, Lord *Wilmot*, Col. *Thomas Blague*, Col. *Edward Roſcarrock*, Mr. *Marmaduke Darey*, Mr. *Richard Lane*, Mr. *William Armorer*, (ſince Knighted) Mr. *Hugh May*, Mr. *Charles Giffard*, Mr. *Peter Street*, and ſome others, in all about 60 Horſe.

AT a Houſe about a Mile beyond *Sturbridge*, his Majeſty drank, and eat a Cruſt of Bread, the Houſe affording no better Proviſion; and as his Majeſty rode on, he diſcourſed with Col. *Roſcarrock* touching *Boſcobel-Houſe*, and the Means of Security, which the Earl of *Derby* and he found at that Place.

HOWEVER Mr. *Giffard* humbly propoſed to carry his Majeſty firſt to *White-Ladies*, (another Seat of the *Giffard*'s) lying but half a Mile beyond *Boſcobel*, where he might repoſe himſelf for a while, and then take ſuch further Reſolution, as his Majeſty and Council ſhould think fit.

THIS Houſe is diſtant about 26 Miles from *Worceſter*, and ſtill retains the antient Name of *White-Ladies*, from its having formerly been a Monaſtery of *Ciſtertian* Nuns, whoſe Habit was of that Colour.

HIS Majeſty and his Retinue (being ſafely conducted thither by Mr. *Giffard*) alighted, now, as they hoped, out of Danger

ger of any preſent Surpriſe by Purſuits, *George Penderel* (who was a Servant in the Houſe) opened the Doors; and after his Majeſty and the Lords were entered the Houſe, his Majeſty's Horſe was brought into the Hall, and by this Time it was about Break of Day on *Thurſday* Morning. Here every one was in a ſad Conſult how to eſcape the Fury of blood-thirſty Enemies; but the greateſt Solicitude was to ſave the King, who was both hungry and tired with this long and haſty March.

Mr. *Giffard* preſently ſent for *Richard Penderel*, who liv'd near Hand at *Hobbal Grange*, and Col. *Roſcarrock* cauſed *Bartholomew Martin*, a Boy in the Houſe, to be ſent to *Boſcobel* for *William Penderel*, mean Time Miſtreſs *Giffard* brought his Majeſty ſome Sack and Bisket; for *the King and all the People that were with him, came weary and refreſhed themſelves there*: *Richard* came firſt, and was immediately ſent back to bring a Suit of his Cloaths for the King, and by that Time he arrived with them, *William* came, and both were brought into the Parlour to the Earl of *Derby*, who immediately carried them into an inner Parlour (where the King was) and told

2 Sam. xvi. 14.

*William Penderel, This is the King* (pointing to his Majeſty) *thou muſt have a Care of him, and preſerve him as thou didſt me:* And Mr. *Giffard* did alſo much conjure *Richard* to have a ſpecial Care of his Charge, to which Commands the two Brothers yielded ready Obedience.

WHILST *Richard* and *William* were thus ſent for, his Majeſty had been adviſed to rub his Hands on the Back of the Chimney, and with them his Face, for a Diſguiſe, and ſome Perſon had diſorderly cut off his Hair. His Majeſty having put off his Garter, blue Ribband, George of Diamonds, Buff-Coat, and other princely Ornaments, committed his Watch to the Cuſtody of the Lord *Wilmot*, and his George to Col. *Blague*, and diſtributed the Gold he had in his Pocket among his Servants, and then put on a noggen coarſe Shirt which was borrowed of *Edward Martin*, who liv'd in the Houſe, and *Richard Penderel*'s green Suit, and leather Doublet, but had not Time to be ſo diſguiſed, as he was afterwards; for both *William* and *Richard Penderel* did advertiſe the Company to make Haſte away, in Regard, there was a Troop of Rebels commanded by Col. *Aſhenhurſt*, quartered at *Cotſal*, but three Miles diſtant; ſome

ſome of which Troop came to the Houſe within half an Hour after the Diſſolution of the Royal Troop. *Thus* David *and his Men departed out of* Keilah, *and went whitherſoever they could go.* 1 Sam. xxiii. 13.

*Richard Penderel* conducted the King out at a Back-door, unknown to moſt of the Company (except ſome of the Lords and Colonel *Roſcarrock*, who with ſad Hearts, but hearty Prayers, took Leave of him) and carried him into an adjacent Wood belonging to *Boſcobel* called *Spring-Coppice*, about half a Mile from *Whiteladies* (where *he abode* as David did *in the Wilderneſs of* Ziph, *in a Wood)* whilſt *William*, *Humphrey* and *George*, were ſcouting abroad to bring what News they could learn to his Majeſty in the *Coppice*, as Occaſion required. 1 Sam. xxiii. 15.

His Majeſty being thus, as they hoped, in a Way of Security, the Duke, Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Lord *Talbot*, and the reſt (having Mr. *Giffard* for their Guide, and being then not above forty Horſe, of which Number his Majeſty's Pad-nag was one, ridden by Mr. *Richard Lane*, one of the Grooms of the Bed-cham-

ber) marched from *Whiteladies* Northwards by the Way of *Newport*, in hope to overtake or meet General *Leſley* with the main Body of *Scotch* Horſe.

As ſoon as they were got into the Road, the Lord *Leviſton* (who commanded his Majeſty's Life-guard) overtook them, purſued by a Party of Rebels under the Command of Col. *Blundel*; the Lords with their Followers faced about, fought, and repell'd them; but when they came a little beyond *Newport*, ſome of Col. *Lilburn's* Men met them in the Front, other Rebels, from *Worceſter*, purſued in the Rear, themſelves and Horſes being ſufficiently tired, the Earl of *Derby*, Earl of *Lauderdale*, Mr. *Charles Giffard*, and ſome others were taken and carried Priſoners, firſt to *Whitchurch*, and from thence to an Inn in *Bunbury* in *Cheſhire*, where Mr. *Giffard* found Means to make an Eſcape; but the noble Earl of *Derby* was thence conveyed to *Weſtcheſter*, and there tried by a pretended Court Martial, held the firſt of *October* 1651, by Vertue of a Commiſſion from *Cromwell*, grounded on an execrable *Rump-Act*, of the 12th of *Auguſt*, then laſt paſt, the very Title whereof cannot be mentioned without Horror; but it pretended moſt traiterouſly to *prohibit*

*bibit Correſpondence with* CHARLES STUART (their lawful Sovereign) *under Penalty of High-Treaſon, Loſs of Life and Eſtate* —— Prodigious Rebels!

*In this* Black Tribunal *there ſate, as* Judges *theſe Perſons, and under theſe Titles.*

Col. *Humphrey Mackworth*, Preſident.

Major-General *Mitton.*
Colonel *Robert Duckenfield.*
Colonel *Henry Bradſhaw.*
Colonel *Thomas Croxton.*
Colonel *George Twiſleton.*
Lieutenant-Colonel *Henry Birkenhead.*
Lieutenant-Colonel *Simon Finch.*
Lieutenant-Colonel *Alexander Newton.*
Captain *James Stepford.*
Captain *Samuel Smith.*
Captain *John Downs.*
Captain *Vincent Corbet.*
Captain *John Delves.*
Captain *John Griffith.*
Captain *Thomas Portington.*
Captain *Edward Alcock.*
Captain *Ralph Pownall.*

Captain *Richard Grantham.*
Captain *Edward Stelfax.*

## Their Cruel Sentence.

*Reſolved by the Court upon the Queſtion.*

*That* JAMES *Earl of* Derby *is guilty of the Breach of the Act of the* 12*th of* Auguſt 1651, *laſt paſt, entituled,* An Act prohibiting Correſpondence with CHARLES STUART, or his Party, *and ſo of High-Treaſon againſt the Commonwealth of* England, *and is therefore worthy of Death.*

*Reſolved by the Court.*

*That the ſaid* JAMES *Earl of* Derby *is a Traitor to the Commonwealth of* England, *and an Abetter, Encourager and Aſſiſter of the declared Traitors and Enemies thereof, and ſhall be put to Death by ſevering his Head from his Body at the Market Place in the Town of* Boulton *in* Lancaſhire, *upon* Wedneſday *the* 15*th Day of this Inſtant* October, *about the Hour of One of the Clock the ſame Day.*

THIS

THIS was the Authority, and ſome of theſe the Perſons that ſo barbarouſly, and contrary to the Law of Nations, condemned this noble Earl to Death, notwithſtanding his juſt Plea, *That he had Quarter for Life given him by one Captain* Edge, *who took him Priſoner.* But this could not obtain Juſtice, nor any Interceſſion, Mercy; ſo that on the 15th of the ſaid *October*, he was accordingly beheaded at *Boulton*, in a moſt barbarous and inhumane Manner *.

THE Earl of *Lauderdale*, with ſeveral others, were carried Priſoners to the Tower, and afterwards to *Windſor Caſtle*, where they continued divers Years.

WHILST the Rebels were plundering thoſe noble Perſons, the Duke, with the Lord *Leviſton*, Col. *Blague*, Mr. *Marmaduke Darcy*, and Mr. *Hugh May*, forſook the Road firſt, and ſoon after their Horſes, and betook themſelves to a By-way, and got into *Bloore* Park, near *Cheſwardine*, about five Miles from *Newport*, where they

* *See the Proceedings againſt him at large; with his Prayers before his Death, and his Speech and courageous Deportment on the Scaffold.* In England's Black Tribunal, 5th Edit. p. 156, &c.

received

received ſome Refreſhment at a little obſcure Houſe of Mr. *George Barlows*, and afterwards met with two honeſt Labourers, in an adjoining Wood, to whom they communicated the Exigent and Diſtreſs, which the Fortune of War had reduced them to, and finding them like to prove faithful, the Duke thought fit to imitate his Royal Maſter, delivered his *George* (which was given him by the Queen of *England.)* to Mr. *May* (who preſerved it through all Difficulties, and afterwards reſtored it to his Grace in *Holland)* and changed Habit with one of the Workmen; and in this Diſguiſe, by the Aſſiſtance of Mr. *Barlow* and his Wife, was, after ſome Days, conveyed by one *Nich. Matthews*, a Carpenter, to the Houſe of Mr. *Hawley*, an hearty Cavalier, at *Bilſtrop* in *Nottinghamſhire*, from thence to the Lady *Villiers* Houſe at *Booksby* in *Leiceſterſhire*; and after many Hardſhips and Encounters, his Grace got ſecure to *London*, and from thence to his Majeſty in *France*.

At the ſame Time the Lord *Leviſton*, Col. *Blague*, Mr. *Darcy*, and Mr. *May*, all quitted their Horſes, diſguiſed themſelves, and ſeverally ſhifted for themſelves, and ſome of them, through various Dangers and

and Sufferings, contrived their Eſcapes; in particular, Mr. *May* was forced to lie twenty one Days in a Hay-mow belonging to one *John Bold*, an honeſt Husbandman, who liv'd at *Soudley*; *Bold* having all that Time Rebel Soldiers quartered in his Houſe, yet failed not to give a conſtant Relief to his more welcome Gueſt; and when the Coaſt was clear of Soldiers, Mr. *May* came to *London* on Foot in his Diſguiſe.

THE Lord *Talbot* (ſeeing no hope of rallying) haſted towards his Father's Houſe at *Longford* near *Newport*, where being arrived, he conveyed his Horſe into a neighbouring Barn, but was immediately purſued by the Rebels, who found the Horſe ſadled, and by that concluded my Lord not to be far off, ſo that they ſearched *Longford* Houſe narrowly, and ſome of them continued in it four or five Days; during all which Time my Lord was in a cloſe Place in one of the Out-houſes, almoſt ſtifled for want of Air, and had periſhed for want of Food, had he not been once relieved in the Dead of the Night, and with much Difficulty, by a truſty Servant; yet his Lordſhip thought it a great Providence, even by theſe Hardſhips, to eſcape the Fury of ſuch Enemies,

Enemies, who ſought the Deſtruction of the Nobility, as well as of their King.

In this Interim the valiant Earl of *Cleveland*, who being above ſixty Years of Age, had marched twenty-one Days together upon a trotting Horſe) had alſo made his Eſcape from *Worceſter*, when all the fighting Work was over, and was got to *Woodcot* in *Shropſhire*, whither he was purſued, and taken at, or near Miſtreſs *Broughton's* Houſe, from whence he was carried Priſoner to *Stafford*, and from thence to the Tower of *London*.

Colonel *Blague*, remaining at Mr. *Barlow's* Houſe at *Bloor-pipe*, about eight Miles from *Stafford*, his firſt Action was, with Mrs. *Barlow's* Privity and Advice, to hide his Majeſty's *George* under a Heap of Chips and Duſt; yet the Colonel could not conceal himſelf ſo well, but that he was here, ſoon after, taken and carried Priſoner to *Stafford*, and from thence conveyed to the Tower of *London*; mean Time the *George* was tranſmitted to Mr. *Robert Milward* of *Stafford* for better Security; who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Col. *Blague* in the Tower, by the truſty Hands of Mr *Iſaac Walton*; and the Colonel not long after happily eſcaping thence, reſtor'd

it

it to his Majeſty's own Hands, which had been thus wonderfully preſerved from being made a Prize to ſordid Rebels.

The *Scotch Cavalry* (having no Place to retreat unto nearer than *Scotland*) were ſoon after diſperſed, and moſt of them taken by the Rebels and Country People in *Cheſhire*, *Lancaſhire*, and Parts adjacent.

Thus was this *Royal Army* totally ſubdued; thus diſperſed; and if in this ſo important an Affair, any of the *Scottiſh* Commanders were treacherous at *Worceſter*, (as ſome ſuſpected) he has a great Account to make for the many Years Miſeries that enſued thereby to both Nations, under the tyrannical, uſurped Government of *Cromwell*.

But to return to the Duty of my Attendance on his ſacred Majeſty in *Spring-Coppice*; by that Time *Richard Penderel* had conveyed him into the obſcureſt Part of it, it was about Sun-riſing on *Thurſday* Morning, and the Heavens wept bitterly at theſe Calamities; inſomuch as the thickeſt Tree in the Wood was not able to keep his Majeſty dry, nor was there any Thing for him to ſit on; wherefore *Richard* went to *Francis Yates* Houſe (a truſty Neighbour, who married his Wife's Siſter) where he

he borrowed a Blanket, which he folded and laid on the Ground under a Tree for his Majeſty to ſit on.

AT the ſame Time *Richard* ſpoke to the good-wife *Yates*, to provide ſome Victuals, and bring it into the Wood at a Place he appointed her: She preſently made ready a Meſs of Milk, and ſome Butter and Eggs, and brought them to his Majeſty in the Wood; who being a little ſurprized to ſee the Woman (no good Concealer of a Secret) ſaid chearfully to her; *Good Woman, can you be faithful to a diſtreſſed Cavalier?* She anſwered, *Yes, Sir, I will rather die than diſcover you*; with which Anſwer his Majeſty was well ſatisfied; and received from her Hands, as David *did from* Abigails, *that which ſhe brought him.*

1 Sam. xxv. 35.

THE Lord *Wilmot*, in the Interim took *John Penderel* for his Guide, but knew not determinately whither to go, purpoſing at firſt to have marched Northwards; but as they paſſed by *Brewood Forge*, the Forgemen made after them, till being told by one *Rich. Dutton*, that it was Col. *Crompton* whom they purſued, the *Vulcans* happily, upon that Miſtake, quitted the Chaſe.

SOON

Soon after they narrowly escaped a Party of Rebels as they passed by *Covenbrook*; so that seeing Danger on every Side, and *John* meeting with *William Walker* (a trusty Neighbour) committed my Lord to his Care and Counsel, who for the present conveyed them into a dry Marl-Pit, where they stay'd a While, and afterwards to one Mr. *Huntbache's* House at *Brinsford*, and put their Horses into *John Evan's* Barn, while *John Penderel* goes to *Wolverhampton*, to see what Convenience he could find for my Lord's coming thither; but met with none, the Town being full of Soldiers.

Yet *John* leaves no Means unessayed, hastens to *Northcot* (an adjacent Village) and there, whilst he was talking with good-wife *Underhill* (a Neighbour) in the Instant Mr. *John Huddleston* (a Sojourner at Mr. *Thomas Whitgreaves* of *Moseley*, and of *John's* Acquaintance) was accidentally passing by, to whom *John* (well assured of his Integrity) presently addresses himself and his Business, relates to him the sad News of the Defeat of his Majesty's Army at *Worcester*, and discovers in what Strait and Confusion he had left his Majesty, and his Followers, at *Whiteladies*, and in particular, that he had brought thence a Per-

ſon of Quality (for *John* then knew not who my Lord was) to *Huntbaches* Houſe, who, without preſent Relief, would be in great Danger of being taken.

Mr. *Huddleſton* goes home forthwith, takes *John* with him, and acquaints Mr. *Whitgreave* with the Buſineſs, who freely reſolved to venture all, rather than ſuch a Perſon ſhould miſcarry.

Hereupon Mr. *Whitgreave* repairs to *Huntbaches* Houſe, ſpeaks with my Lord, and gives Direction how he ſhould be privately conveyed into his Houſe at *Moſeley*, about ten of the Clock at Night; and though it ſo fell out, that the Directions were not punctually obſerved, yet my Lord and his Man were at laſt brought into the Houſe where Mr. *Whitgreave* (after ſome Refreſhment given them) conveys them into a ſecret Place, which my Lord admiring for its excellent Contrivance, and ſolicitous for his Majeſty's Safety, ſaid, *I would give a World my Friend* (meaning the King) *were here*; and then (being abundantly ſatisfied of Mr. *Whitgreave*'s Fidelity) depoſited in his Hands a little Bag of Jewels, which my Lord received again at his Departure.

As ſoon as it was Day, Mr. *Whitgreave* ſent *William Walker* with my Lord's Horſes to his Neighbour Col. *John Lane* of *Bentley*, near *Walſall*, South-eaſt from *Moſeley* about four Miles (whom Mr. *Whitgreave* knew to be a right honeſt Gentleman, and ready to contribute any Aſſiſtance to ſo charitable a Work) and wiſhed *Walker* to acquaint the Colonel, that they belonged to ſome eminent Perſon about the King, whom he could better ſecure than the Horſes: The Colonel willingly receives them and ſends Word to Mr. *Whitgreave* to meet him that Night in a Cloſe not far from *Moſeley*, in order to the Tender of farther Service to the Owner of the Horſes, whoſe Name neither the Colonel nor Mr. *Whitgreave* then knew.

On *Thurſday* Night, when it grew dark, his Majeſty reſolved to go from thoſe Parts into *Wales*, and to take *Richard Penderel* with him for his Guide; but, before they began their Journey, his Majeſty went into *Richard*'s Houſe at *Hobbal Grange*, where the old good-wife *Penderel* had not only the Honour to ſee his Majeſty, but to ſee him attended by her Son *Richard*. Here his Majeſty had Time and Means better to complete his Diſguiſe. His

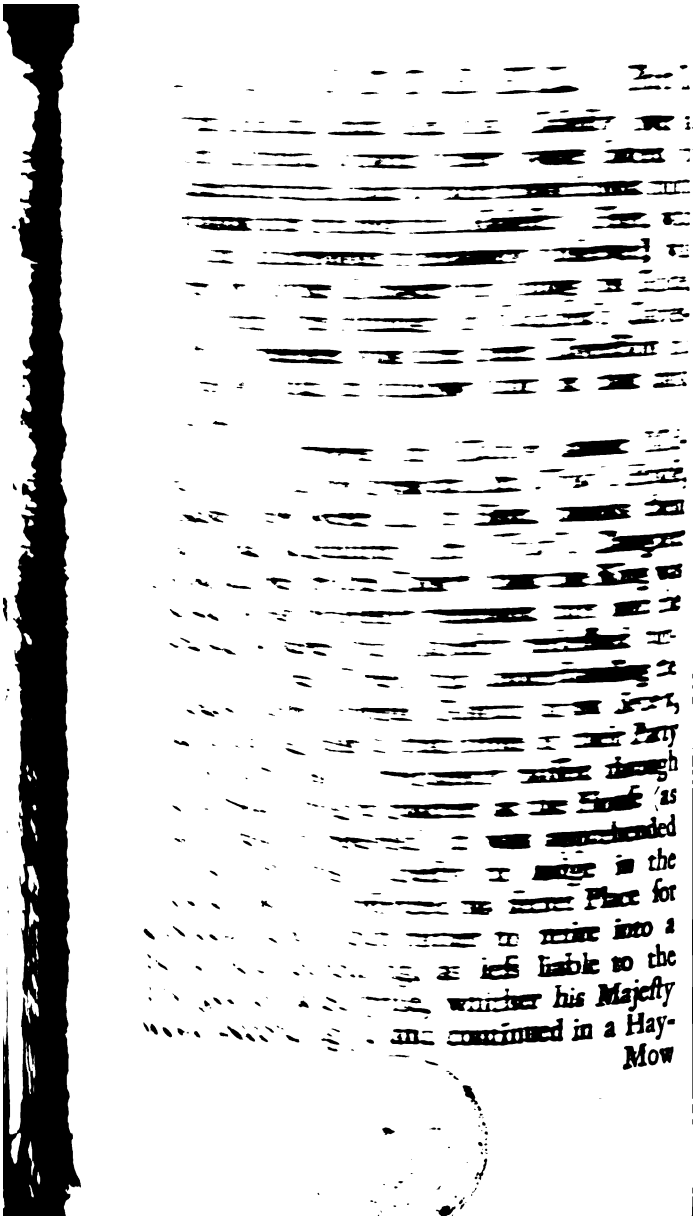
Name was agreed to be *Will. Jones*, and his Arms a Wood-Bill. In this Poſture about nine a Clock at Night (after ſome Refreſhment taken in the Houſe) his Majeſty, with his truſty Servant *Richard*, began their Journey on Foot, reſolving to go that Night to *Madely* in *Shropſhire*, about five Miles from *Whiteladies*, and within a Mile of the River *Severn*, over which their Way lay for *Wales*; in this Village lived one Mr. *Francis Woolf*, an honeſt Gentleman of *Richard's* Acquaintance.

His Majeſty had not been long gone, but the Lord *Wilmot* ſent *John Penderel* from Mr. *Whitgreave's* to *Whiteladies* and *Boſcobel*, to know in what Security the King was, *John* returned and acquainted my Lord, that his Majeſty was marched from thence. Hereupon my Lord began to conſider which Way himſelf ſhould remove with Safety.

Col. *Lane*, having ſecured my Lord's Horſes, and being come to *Moſely* according to Appointment, on *Friday* Night, was brought up to my Lord by Mr. *Whitgreave*, and (after mutual Salutation) acquainted him, that his Siſter Mrs. *Jane Lane*, had by Accident procured a Paſs from ſome Commander of the Rebels, for her

her ſelf and a Man to go a little beyond *Briſtol*, to ſee Mrs. *Norton*, her ſpecial Friend, then near her Time of lying in; and freely offer'd, if his Lordſhip thought fit, he might make uſe of it, which my Lord ſeemed inclinable to accept; and on *Saturday* Night was conducted by Colonel *Lane*'s Man (himſelf not being well) to the Colonel's Houſe at *Bentley*; his Lordſhip then, and not before, diſcovering his Name to Mr. *Whitgreave*, and giving him many Thanks for ſo great a Kindneſs in ſo imminent a Danger.

BEFORE his Majeſty came to *Madely*, he met with an ill-favoured Encounter at *Evelin Mill*, being about two Miles from thence. The Miller (it ſeems) was an honeſt Man, but his Majeſty and *Richard* knew it not, and had then in his Houſe ſome conſiderable Perſons of his Majeſty's Army, who took Shelter there in their Flight from *Worceſter*, and had not been long in the Mill; ſo that the Miller was upon his Watch, and *Richard* unhappily permitting a Gate to clap, through which they paſſed, gave Occaſion to the Miller to come out of the Mill and boldly ask, *Who is there? Richard* thinking the Miller had purſued them, quitted the uſual Way in



Mow there all the Day following, his Servant *Richard* attending him.

During his Majeſty's Stay in the Barn, Mr. *Woolf* had often Conference with him about his intended Journey, and in order thereto took Care, by a truſty Servant (ſent abroad for that Purpoſe) to inform himſelf more particularly of thoſe Guards upon *Severn*, and had certain Word brought him, that not only the Bridges were ſecured, but all the Paſſage-Boats ſeized on; inſomuch that he conceived it very hazardous for his Majeſty to proſecute his Deſign for *Wales*, but rather go to *Boſcobel-Houſe*, being the moſt retired Place for Concealment in all the Country, and to ſtay there till an Opportunity of a farther ſafe Conveyance could be found out; which Advice his Majeſty inclined to approve: And thereupon reſolved for *Boſcobel* the Night following; in the mean Time, his Hands not appearing ſufficiently diſcoloured, ſuitable to his other Diſguiſe, Mrs. *Woolf* provided Walnut-Tree Leaves, as the readieſt expedient for that Purpoſe.

The Day being over, his Majeſty adventured to come again into the Houſe, where having for ſome Time refreſhed himſelf, and being furniſhed with Conveniences

niences for his Journey (which was conceived to be ſafer on Foot than by Horſe) he, with his faithful Guide *Richard*, about eleven a-Clock at Night, ſet forth toward *Boſcobel*.

ABOUT three of the Clock on *Saturday* Morning, being come near the Houſe, *Richard* left his Majeſty in the Wood, whilſt he went in to ſee if any Soldiers were there, or other Danger; where he found Col. *William Carlis* (who had not ſeen, not the laſt Man born, but the laſt Man killed at *Worceſter*, and) who having with much Difficulty, made his Eſcape from thence, was got into his own Neighbourhood, and for ſome Time concealing himſelf in *Boſcobel-wood*, was come that Morning to the Houſe to get ſome Relief of *William Penderel* his old Acquaintance.

*Richard* having acquainted the Colonel, that the King was in the Wood, the Colonel, with *William* and *Richard*, went preſently thither to give their Attendance, where they found his Majeſty ſitting on the Root of a Tree, who was glad to ſee the Colonel, and came with them into the Houſe, where he eat Bread and Cheeſe heartily, and (as an extraordinary) *William Penderel*'s Wife made his Majeſty a Poſſet

Poſſet of thin Milk and ſmall Beer, and got ready ſome warm Water to waſh his Feet not only extreme dirty, but much galled with Travel.

THE Colonel pulled off his Majeſty's Shoes, which were full of Gravel, and Stockings which were very wet, and there being no other Shoes in the Houſe that would fit him, the Good-Wife put ſome hot Embers in thoſe to dry them, whilſt his Majeſty's Feet were waſhing and his Stockings ſhifted.

BEING thus a little refreſhed, the Colonel perſuaded his Majeſty to go back into the Wood) (ſuppoſing it ſafer than the Houſe) where the Colonel made choice of a thick leaved Oak, into which *William* and *Richard* helped them both up, and brought them ſuch Proviſion as they could get, with a Cuſhion for his Majeſty to ſit on; the Colonel humbly deſired his Majeſty (who had taken little or no Reſt the two preceding Nights) to ſeat himſelf as eaſily as he could in the Tree, and reſt his Head on the Colonel's Lap, who was watchful that his Majeſty might not fall. In this Oak they continued moſt Part of that Day; and in that Poſture his Majeſty ſlumbered away ſome

Part

Part of the Time, and bore all theſe Hardſhips and Afflictions with incomparable Patience,

In the Evening they returned to the Houſe, where *William Penderel* acquainted his Majeſty with the ſecret Place, wherein the Earl of *Derby* had been ſecured, which his Majeſty liked ſo well, that he reſolved, whilſt he ſtay'd there, to truſt only to that, and go no more into the *Royal Oak*, as from hence it muſt be called, where he could not ſo much as ſit at Eaſe.

His Majeſty now finding himſelf in a hopeful Security, permitted *William Penderel* to ſhave him, and cut the Hair off his Head, as ſhort at Top as the Sciſſars would do it, but leaving ſome about the Ears, according to the Country Mode; Colonel *Carlis* attending, told his Majeſty, *William was but a mean Barber*; To which his Majeſty anſwered, *He had never been ſhaved by any Barber before.* The King bad *William* burn the Hair which he cut off, but *William* was only diſobedient in that, for he kept a good Part of it, wherewith he has ſince pleaſured ſome Perſons of Honour, and is kept as a civil Relique.

*Humphrey Penderel* was this *Saturday* deſigned to go to *Shefnal*, to pay ſome Taxes to

to one Captain *Broadway*; at whoſe Houſe he met with a Colonel of the Rebels, who was newly come from *Worceſter* in Purſuit of the King, and who, being informed that his Majeſty had been at *Whiteladies*, and that *Humphrey* was a near Neighbour to the Place, examined him ſtrictly, and laid before him, as well the Penalty for concealing the King, which was Death without Mercy; as the Reward for diſcovering him, which ſhould be one thouſand Pounds certain Pay. But neither fear of Puniſhment, nor hope of Reward, was able to tempt *Humphrey* into any Diſloyalty; he pleaded Ignorance, and was diſmiſſed; and on *Saturday* Night related to his Majeſty and the loyal Colonel at *Boſcobel*, what had paſſed betwixt him and the Rebel Colonel at *Shefnal*.

THIS Night the Good-Wife (whom his Majeſty was pleaſed to call, *My Dame Joan*) provided ſome Chickens for his Majeſty's Supper (a Dainty he had not lately been acquainted with) and a little Pallet was put into the ſecret Place for his Majeſty to reſt in; ſome of the Brothers being continually upon Duty, watching the Avenues of the Houſe, and the Road-way, to prevent the Danger of a Surpriſe.

AFTER

After Supper Colonel *Carlis* asked his Majeſty, What Meat he would pleaſe to have provided for the Morrow, being *Sunday?* His Majeſty deſired ſome Mutton, if it might be had: But it was thought dangerous for *William* to go to any Market to buy it; ſince his Neighbours all knew he did not uſe to buy ſuch for his own Diet, and ſo it might beget a Suſpicion of his having Strangers at his Houſe: But the Colonel found another Expedient to ſatisfy his Majeſty's Deſires; early on *Sunday* Morning he repairs to Mr. *William Staunton*'s Sheep-Coat, who rented ſome of the Demeans of *Boſcobel*; here he choſe one of the beſt Sheep, ſticks him with his Dagger, then ſends *William* for the Mutton, who brings him home on his Back.

On *Sunday* Morning (*September* the ſeventh) his Majeſty got up early (his Dormitory being none of the beſt, nor his Bed the eaſieſt) and, near the ſecret Place where he lay, had the Convenience of a Gallery to walk in, where he was obſerved to ſpend ſome Time in his Devotions, and where he had the Advantage of a Window, which ſurveyed the Road from *Tong* to *Brewood*. Soon after his Majeſty coming down into the Parlour, his Noſe fell a bleeding, which

put

put his poor faithful Servants into a great Fright; but his Majeſty was pleaſed ſoon to remove it, by telling them, It often did ſo.

As ſoon as the Mutton was cold, *William* cut it up and brought a Leg of it into the Parlour; his Majeſty called for a Knife and a Trencher, and cut ſome of it into Collops, and pricked them with the Knife Point; then called for a Frying-Pan and Butter, and fry'd the Collops himſelf, of which he eat heartily; Colonel *Carlis* the while being but Under-Cook (and that Honour enough too) made the Fire, and turned the Collops in the Pan.

When the Colonel afterwards attended his Majeſty in *France*, his Majeſty calling to Remembrance this Paſſage among others, was pleaſed merrily to propoſe it, as a problematical Queſtion; Whether himſelf or the Colonel were the Maſter-Cook at *Boſcobel*; and the Supremacy was of right adjudged to his Majeſty.

All this while the other Brothers of the *Penderels* were in their ſeveral Stations, either ſcouting abroad to learn Intelligence, or upon ſome other Service; but it ſo pleaſed God, that, though the Soldiers had ſome Intelligence of his Majeſty's having

been at *Whiteladies*, and none, that he was gone thence, yet this Houſe (which proved a happy Sanctuary for his Majeſty in this ſad Exigent) had not at all been ſearched during his Majeſty's Abode there, though that had ſeveral Times; this, perhaps, the rather eſcaping, becauſe the Neighbours could rather inform, none but poor Servants lived here.

His Majeſty ſpent ſome Part of this Lord's-Day in Reading in a pretty Arbour in *Boſcobel* Garden, which grew upon a Mount, and wherein there was a Stone Table, and Seats about it; and commended the Place for its Retiredneſs.

And having underſtood by *John Pendeſtel*, that the Lord *Wilmot* was at Mr. *Whitgreave*'s Houſe (for *John* knew not of his Remove to *Bentley*) his Majeſty was deſirous to let my Lord hear of him, and that he intended to come to *Moſely* that Night.

To this End *John* was ſent on *Sunday* Morning to *Moſeley*; but, finding my Lord removed thence, was much troubled, and then acquainting Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton*, that his Majeſty was returned to *Boſcobel*, and the Diſaccommodation he had there; whereupon they both reſolve to go with *John* to *Bentley*, where having gained

gained him an Acceſs to my Lord, his Lordſhip deſigned to attend the King that Night at *Moſeley*, and deſired Mr. *Whitgreave* to meet his Lordſhip at a Place appointed about twelve of the Clock, and Mr. *Huddleſton* to nominate a Place where he would attend his Majeſty about one of the Clock the ſame Night.

Upon this Intelligence my Lord made Stay of Mrs. *Jane Lane*'s Journey to *Briſtol*, till his Majeſty's Pleaſure was known.

*John Penderel* return'd to *Boſcobel* in the Afternoon with Intimation of this deſign'd meeting with my Lord at *Moſeley* that Night; and the Place which was appointed by Mr. *Huddleſton*, where his Majeſty ſhould be expected. But his Majeſty, having not recovered his late Foot-Journey to *Madely*, was not able without a Horſe, to perform this to *Moſeley*, which was about five Miles diſtant from *Boſcobel*, and near the Mid-way from thence to *Bentley*.

It was therefore concluded, that his Majeſty ſhould ride upon *Humphrey Penderel*'s Mill-Horſe (for *Humphrey* was the Miller of *Whiteladies* Mill.) The Horſe was taken up from Graſs, and accoutred, not with rich Trappings or Furniture, befit-

ting ſo great a King, but with a pitiful old Saddle, and a worſe Bridle.

When his Majeſty was ready to take Horſe, Colonel *Carlis* humbly took Leave of him, being ſo well known in the Country, that his Attendance upon his Majeſty would in all Probability have proved rather a Diſſervice than otherwiſe; however, his hearty Prayers were not wanting for his Majeſty's Preſervation.

Thus then his Majeſty was mounted, and thus he rode, towards *Moſeley*, attended by all the honeſt Brothers, *William*, *John*, *Richard*, *Humphrey* and *George Penderel*, and *Francis Yates*, each of theſe took a Bill or Pike Staff on his Back, and ſome of them had Piſtols in their Pockets; two marched before, and one on each Side his Majeſty's Horſe, and two came behind aloof off, their Deſign being this, that in Caſe they ſhould have been queſtioned or encountered but by five or ſix Troopers, or ſuch like ſmall Party, they would have ſhewed their Valour in defending, as well as they had done their Fidelity in otherwiſe ſerving his Majeſty: And though it was Midnight, yet they conducted his Majeſty through By-ways, for better Security.

After

AFTER ſome Experience had of the Horſe, his Majeſty complained, *It was the heavieſt dull Jade he ever rode on*; To which *Humphrey* (the Owner of him) anſwered (beyond the uſual Capacity of a Miller) *My Liege! Can you blame the Horſe to go heavily, when he has the Weight of three Kingdoms on his Back?*

WHEN his Majeſty came to *Penford* Mill, within two Miles of Mr. *Whitgreave*'s Houſe, his Guides deſired him to alight and go on Foot the reſt of the Way, for more Security, the Foot-Way being the more ſecure, and the nearer; and at laſt they arrived at the Place appointed by Mr. *Huddleſton* (which was a little Grove of Trees in a Cloſe of Mr. *Whitgreave*'s called the *Pit-Leaſow*) in order to his Majeſty's being privately conveyed into Mr. *Whitgreave*'s Houſe; *William*, *Humphrey* and *George*, returned with the Horſe, the other three attended his Majeſty to the Houſe; but his Majeſty, being gone a little Way, had forgot (it ſeems) to bid Farewel to *William* and the reſt, who were going back, ſo he called to them and ſaid, *My Troubles make me forget my ſelf! I thank you all*; and gave them his Hand to kiſs.

The Lord *Wilmot*, in Purſuance of his own Appointment, came to the Meeting-Place preciſely at this Hour; where Mr. *Whitgreave* received him and conveyed him to his old Chamber; but hearing nothing of the King at his prefixed Time, gave Occaſion to ſuſpect ſome Misfortune might have befal'n him, tho' the Night was very dark and rainy, which might poſſibly be the Occaſion of ſo long Stay; Mr. *Whitgreave* therefore leaves my Lord in his Chamber, and goes to *Pit-Leaſow*, where Mr. *Huddleſton* attended his Majeſty's coming, and about two Hours after the Time appointed his Majeſty came, whom Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton* conveyed, with much Satisfaction, into the Houſe to my Lord, who expected him with great Solicitude, and preſently kneeled down and embraced his Majeſty's Knees, who kiſſed my Lord on the Cheek, and asked him earneſtly, *What is become of* Buckingham, Cleveland, *and others?* To which my Lord could give little Satisfaction, but hoped they were in Safety.

My Lord ſoon after (addreſſing himſelf to Mr *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton*) ſaid, *Though I have concealed my Friend's Name all this while, now I muſt tell you, this*

*this is my Maſter, your Maſter, and the Maſter of us all*; not knowing that they underſtood it was the King; whereupon his Majeſty was pleaſed to give his Hand to Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton* to kiſs, and told them, he had received ſuch an Account from my Lord *Wilmot* of their Fidelity, that he ſhould never forget it; and preſently asked Mr. *Whitgreave*, *Where is your ſecret Place?* Which being ſhewed his Majeſty, he was well pleaſed therewith, and returning into my Lord's Chamber, ſate down on the Bed-ſide, where his Noſe fell a Bleeding; and then pulled out of his Pocket a Handkerchief, ſuitable to the reſt of his Apparel, both coarſe and dirty.

His Majeſty's Attire, as was before obſerved in Part, was then a Leathern-Doublet, with Pewter Buttons, a Pair of old green Breeches and a Jump-Coat (as the Country calls it) of the ſame Green, a Pair of his own Stockings, with the Tops cut off, becauſe embroidered, and a Pair of Stirrup Stockings, which were lent him at *Madeley*, and a Pair of old Shoes, cut and ſlaſhed to give Eaſe to his Feet, an old gray greaſy Hat, without a Lining, a noggen Shirt, of the coarſeſt Linnen; his Face and his Hands made of a reechy Complexion,

plexion, by the Help of the Walnut-Tree Leaves.

Mr. *Huddleſton*, obſerving the Coarſneſs of his Majeſty's Shirt to diſ-eaſe him much and hinder his Reſt, asked my Lord if the King would be pleaſed to change his Shirt, which his Majeſty condeſcended unto, and preſently put off his coarſe Shirt, and put on a flaxen one of Mr. *Huddleſton's*, who pulled off his Majeſty's Shoes and Stockings, and put him on freſh Stockings, and dried his Feet, where he found ſome Body had innocently, but indiſcreetly applied white Paper, which, with going on Foot from the Place where his Majeſty alighted to the Houſe, was rolled betwixt his Stockings and his Skin, and ſerved to increaſe rather than aſſwage the Soreneſs of his Feet.

Mr. *Whitgreave* had by this Time brought up ſome Bisket and a Bottle of Sack; his Majeſty eat of the one, and drank a good Glaſs of the other; and, being thus refreſhed, was pleaſed to ſay cheerfully, *I am now ready for another March; and if it ſhall pleaſe God once more to place me at the Head of but eight or ten thouſand Men, of one Mind, and reſolved to fight, I ſhall not doubt to drive theſe Rogues out of my Kingdoms.*

It was now Break of the Day on *Monday* Morning the Eighth of *September*, and his Majeſty was deſirous to take ſome Reſt; to which Purpoſe a Pallet was carried into one of the ſecret Places, where his Majeſty lay down, but reſted not ſo well as his Hoſt deſired; for the Place was cloſe and inconvenient, and durſt not adventure to put him into any Bed for fear of a Surpriſe by the Rebels.

After ſome Reſt taken in the Hole, his Majeſty got up, and was pleaſed to take Notice of and ſalute Mr. *Whitgreave*'s Mother, and (having his Place of Retreat ſtill ready) ſate between whiles in a Cloſet over the Porch, where he might ſee thoſe that paſſed the Road by the Houſe.

Before the Lord *Wilmot* betook himſelf to his Dormitory, he conferr'd with Mr. *Whitgreave*, and adviſed, that himſelf or Mr. *Huddleſton* would be always vigilant about the Houſe, and give Notice if any Soldiers came, and (ſays this noble Lord) *If it ſhould ſo fall out, that the Rebels have Intelligence of your harbouring any of the King's Party, and ſhould therefore put you to any Torture for Confeſſion, be ſure you diſcover me firſt, which may haply in ſuch Caſe ſatisfy them, and preſerve the King.* This

was

was the Expreſſion and Care of a loyal Subject, worthy eternal Memory.

On *Monday* his Majeſty and my Lord reſolved to diſpatch *John Penderel* to Colonel *Lane* at *Bentley*, with Directions for the Colonel to ſend my Lord's Horſes for him that Night about Midnight, and to expect him at the uſual Place: My Lord accordingly goes to *Bentley* again, to make Way for his Majeſty's Reception there, purſuant to a Reſolution taken up by his Majeſty to go Weſtward, under the Protection of Mrs. *Jane Lane*'s Paſs; it being moſt probable, that the Rebels wholly purſued his Majeſty Northwards, and would not at all ſuſpect him gone into the Weſt.

This *Monday* after Noon, Mr. *Whitgreave* had Notice that ſome Soldiers were in the Neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him, upon Information that he had been at *Worceſter* Fight: The King was then laid down upon Mr. *Huddleſton*'s Bed, but Mr. *Whitgreave* preſently ſecures his Royal Gueſt in the ſecret Place, and my Lord alſo, leaves open all the Chamber Doors, and goes boldly down to the Soldiers, aſſuring them as his Neighbours alſo teſtified) that he had not been from home

in

in a Fortnight then laſt paſt; with which Aſſeveration the Soldiers were ſatisfied, and came not up Stairs at all.

In this Interval the Rebels had taken a Cornet in *Cheſhire*, who came in his Majeſty's Troop to *Whiteladies*, and either by Menaces, or ſome other Way, had extorted this Confeſſion from him concerning the King (whom theſe Blood-hounds ſought with all poſſible Diligence) that he came in Company with his Majeſty to *Whiteladies*, where the Rebels had no ſmall Hopes to find him; whereupon they poſted thither without ever drawing bit, almoſt kill'd their Horſes, and brought their faint-hearted Priſoners with them.

Being come to *Whiteladies*, on *Tueſday*, they called for Mr. *George Giffard*, who lived in an Apartment of the Houſe, preſents a Piſtol to his Breaſt, and bad him confeſs where the King was, or he ſhould preſently die. Mr. *Giffard* was too loyal, and too much a Gentleman to be frighted into any Infidelity, reſolutely denies the knowing any more, but that divers Cavaliers came thither on *Wedneſday* Night, eat up their Proviſion, and departed; and that he was as ignorant who they were, as whence they came, or whither they went, and

and begged, if he muſt die, that they would firſt give him Leave to ſay a few Prayers. One of theſe Villains anſwered, *If you can tell us no News of the King, you ſhall ſay no Prayers:* But his diſcreet Anſwer did ſomewhat aſſwage the Fury of their Leader. They uſed the like Threats and Violence (mingled notwithſtanding with high Promiſes of Reward) to Mrs. *Anne Andrew* (to whoſe Cuſtody ſome of the King's Clothes, when he firſt took upon him the Diſguiſe were committed) who (like a true *Virago*) faithfully ſuſtain'd the one, and loyally refuſed the other, which put the Rebels into ſuch a Fury, that they ſearched every Corner of the Houſe, broke down much of the Wainſcot, and at laſt beat the Intelligencer ſeverely, for making them loſe their Labour.

During this *Tueſday* in my Lord *Wilmot's* Abſence, his Majeſty was for the moſt part attended by Mr. *Huddleſton*, Mr. *Whitgreave* being much abroad in the Neighbourhood, and Mrs. *Whitgreave* below Stairs, both inquiſitive after News, and the Motions of the Soldiery, in order to the Preſervation of their Royal Gueſt. The old Gentlewoman was this Day told by a Countryman, who came to her Houſe, that

that he heard the King, upon his Retreat, had beaten his Enemies at *Warrington-Bridge*; and that there were three Kings come in to his Aſſiſtance; which Story ſhe related to his Majeſty for Divertiſement, who ſmiling, anſwered, *Surely they are the three Kings of* Colen *come down from Heaven, for I can imagine none elſe.*

THE ſame Day his Majeſty out of the Cloſet Window, eſpied two Soldiers, who paſſed by the Gate in the Road, and told Mr. *Huddleſton*, he knew one of them to be a *Highlander*, and of his own Regiment; who little thought his King and Colonel to be ſo near.

AND his Majeſty for entertainment of the Time was pleaſed to diſcourſe with Mr. *Huddleſton* the Particulars of the Battle of *Worceſter* (the ſame in Subſtance with what is before related) and by ſome Words which his Majeſty let fall, it might eaſily be collected that his Counſels had been too often ſooner diſcovered to the Rebels, than executed by his Loyal Subjects.

MR. *Huddleſton* had under his Charge young Sir *John Preſton*, Mr. *Thomas Playn*, and Mr. *Francis Reynolds*, and on this *Tueſday* in the Morning (the better to conceal his Majeſty's being in the Houſe, and

excuſe his own, more than uſual long Stay above Stairs) pretended himſelf to be indiſpoſed and afraid of the Soldiers, and therefore ſet his Scholars at ſeveral Garret Windows, and ſurveyed the Roads, to watch and give Notice when they ſaw any Troopers coming: This Service the Youths performed very diligently all Day, and at Night when they were at Supper, Sir *John* called upon his Companions, and ſaid (more truly than he imagined) *Come Lads, let us eat luſtily, for we have been upon the Life-Guard to Day.*

THIS very Day (*September* the 19th) the Rebels at *Weſtminſter* (in further Purſuance of their bloody Deſigns) ſet forth a Proclamation, for the Diſcovery and apprehending CHARLES STUART (for ſo their frontleſs Impudence uſually ſtiled his ſacred Majeſty) his Adherents and Abettors, with Promiſe of 1000*l.* Reward to whomſoever ſhould apprehend him (ſo vile a Price they ſet upon ſo ineſtimable a Jewel.) And beſides, gave ſtrict Command to all Officers of Port-Towns, that they ſhould permit no Perſon to paſs beyond Sea, without ſpecial Licenſe. *And* Saul *ſought* David *every Day, but God delivered him not into his Hands.*

1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

ON

ON *Tueſday* Night, between twelve and one a Clock, the Lord *Wilmot* ſent Colonel *Lane* to attend his Majeſty to *Bentley*, Mr. *Whitgreave* meets the Colonel at the Place appointed, and brings him to the Corner of his Orchard, where the Colonel thought fit to ſtay whilſt Mr. *Whitgreave* goes in and acquaints the King that he was come: Whereupon his Majeſty took his Leave of Mr. *Whitgreave*, ſaluted her and gave her many Thanks for his Entertainment, but was pleaſed to be more particular with Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton*, not only by giving them Thanks, but by telling them, he was very ſenſible of the Dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it ſhould chance to be diſcovered to the Rebels; therefore his Majeſty adviſed them to be very careful of themſelves, and gave them Direction to repair to a Merchant in *London*, who ſhould have Order to furniſh them with Monies and Means of Conveyance beyond Sea, if they thought fit.

AFTER his Majeſty had vouchſafed theſe gracious Expreſſions to Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton*, they told his Majeſty, all the Service they could now do him, was to pray heartily to Almighty God for his Safety and Preſervation, and then kneeling

down, his Majeſty gave them his Hand to kiſs, and ſo went down the Stairs with them into the Orchard, where Mr. *Whitgreave* both humbly and faithfully delivered his great Charge into Colonel *Lane*'s Hands, telling the Colonel who the Perſon was he there preſented.

THE Night was both dark and cold, and his Majeſty's Cloathing thin, therefore Mr. *Huddleſton* humbly offered his Majeſty a Cloak, which he was pleaſed to accept, and wore to *Bentley*, from whence Mr. *Huddleſton* afterwards received it.

As ſoon as Mr. *Whitgreave* and Mr. *Huddleſton* heard his Majeſty was not only got ſafe to *Bentley*, but marched ſecurely from thence, they began to reflect upon his Advice, and leſt any Diſcovery ſhould be made of what had been acted at *Moſeley*, they both abſented themſelves from Home; the one went to *London*, the other to a Friend's Houſe in *Warwickſhire*, where they lived privately till ſuch Time as they heard his Majeſty was ſafely arrived in *France*, and that no Part of the aforeſaid Tranſactions at *Moſeley* had been diſcovered to the Rebels, and then returned Home.

THIS Mr. *Whitgreave* was deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Whitgreaves* of *Burton*,

*Burton*, in the County of *Stafford*, and was firſt a Cornet, afterwards Lieutenant to Captain *Thomas Giffard*, in the firſt War for his Majeſty King CHARLES the Firſt.

MR. *John Huddleſton* was a younger Brother of the renowned Family of the Houſe of *Hutton-John*, in the County of *Cumberland*, and was a Gentleman Voluntier in his late Majeſty's Service, firſt under Sir *John Preſton*, the Elder, till Sir *John* was rendered unſerviceable by the deſperate Wounds he received in that Service, and after under Col. *Ralph Pudſey* at *Newark*.

HIS Majeſty being ſafely conveyed to *Bentley* by Colonel *Lane*, ſtay'd there but a ſhort Time, took the Opportunity of Mrs. *Jane*'s Paſs, and rode before her to *Briſtol*, the Lord *Wilmot* attending, by another Way, at a Diſtance. In all which Journey Mrs. *Lane* performed the Part of a moſt faithful and prudent Servant to his Majeſty, ſhewing her Obſervance, when an Opportunity would allow it, and at other Times acting her Part in the Diſguiſe with much Diſcretion.

BUT the Particulars of his Majeſty's Arrival at *Briſtol*, and the Houſes of ſeveral Loyal Subjects, both in *Somerſetſhire*, *Dorſetſhire*, *Wiltſhire*, *Hampſhire*, and ſo to

*Brighthempſton* in *Suſſex*, where he on the 15th of *October* 1651, took Shipping, and landed ſecurely in *France* the next Morning; and the ſeveral Accidents, Hardſhips, and Encounters, in all that Journey, muſt be the admired Subject of the Second Part of his Hiſtory.

THE very next Day after his Majeſty left *Boſcobel*, being *Monday* the eighth of *September*, two Parties of Rebels came thither, the one being Part of the County Troop, who ſearched the Houſe with ſome Civility; the other (Captain *Broadway's* Men) did it with more Severity, eat up their little Store of Proviſion, plunder'd the Houſe of what was portable, and one of them preſented a Piſtol to *William Penderel*, and much frighted my Dame *Joan*; yet both Parties returned as ignorant, as they came, of that Intelligence they ſo greedily ſought after.

THIS Danger being over, honeſt *William* began to think of making Satisfaction for the fat Mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr. *Staunton* its worth in Money; but *Staunton* underſtanding the Sheep was killed for the Relief of ſome honeſt Cavaliers, who had been ſheltered at *Boſcobel*, refuſed to take the Money, but wiſhed, much good it might do them. THESE

THESE *Penderels* were of honeſt Parentage, but mean Degree, ſix Brothers born at *Hobbal Grange* in the Pariſh of *Tong*, and County of *Salop*; *William*, *John*, *Richard*, *Humphrey*, *Thomas*, and *George*; *John*, *Thomas* and *George*, were Soldiers in the firſt War for K. CHARLES I. *Thomas* was ſlain at *Stow* Fight, *William*, as you have heard, was a Servant at *Boſcobel*, *Humphrey* a Miller, and *Richard* rented Part of *Hobbal Grange*.

HIS Majeſty had not been long gone from *Boſcobel*, but Colonel *Carlis* ſent *William Penderel* to Mr. *Humphry Ironmonger*, his old Friend at *Wolverhampton*; who not only procured him a Paſs from ſome of the Rebel-Commanders in a diſguiſed Name to go to *London*, but furniſhed him with Money for his Journey, by Means whereof he got ſafe thither, and from thence into *Holland*, where he brought the firſt happy News of his Majeſty's Safety to his Royal Siſter the Princeſs of *Orange*.

THIS Colonel *William Carlis* was born at *Brom-hall* in *Staffordſhire*, within two Miles of *Boſcobel*, of good Parentage, was a Perſon of approved Valour, and engaged all along in the firſt War for K. CHARLES I. of happy Memory; and ſince his Death was

was no leſs active for his Royal Son; for which, and his particular Service and Fidelity before-mention'd, his Majeſty was pleas'd by Letters Patents under the Great Seal of *England* to give him, by the Name of *William Carlos* (which in *Spaniſh* ſignifies *Charles*) a very honourable Coat of Arms, *in perpetuam rei Memoriam*, as 'tis expreſs'd in the Letters Patents.

THE *Oak* is now properly call'd, *The Royal Oak of Boſcobel*, nor will it loſe that Name whilſt it continues a Tree, nor that Tree a Memory, whilſt we have an Inn left in *England*, ſince the *Royal Oak* is now become a frequent Sign both in *London*, and all the chief Cities of this Kingdom. And ſince his Majeſty's happy Reſtauration, that theſe Myſteries have been revealed, hundreds of People for many Miles round, have flock'd to ſee the famous BOSCOBEL, which (as you have heard) had once the Honour to be the Palace of his ſacred Majeſty, but chiefly to behold the *Royal Oak*, which has been deprived of all its young Boughs by the numerous Viſitors of it, who keep them in Memory of his Majeſty's happy Preſervation; inſomuch that Mr. *Fitzherbert*, who was afterwards Proprietor, was forced in a due Seaſon of the

the Year, to crop Part of it, for its Preſervation, and put himſelf to the Charge of fencing it about with a high Pale, the better to tranſmit the happy Memory of it to Poſterity.

THIS *Boſcobel-Houſe* has yet been a third time fortunate; for after Sir *George Booth*'s Forces were routed in *Cheſhire* in *Auguſt* 1659, the Lord *Brereton*, who was engaged with him, took Sanctuary there for ſome Time, and was preſerved.

WHEN his Majeſty was thus happily convey'd away by Colonel *Lane* and his Siſter, the Rebels had an Intimation that ſome of the Brothers were inſtrumental in his Preſervation; ſo that, beſides the Temptations *Humphrey* overcame at *Shefnal*, *William Penderel* was twice queſtioned at *Shrewsbury* on the ſame Account by Captain *Fox* and one *Lluellin* a Sequeſtrator, and *Richard* was much threatned by a peeviſh Neighbour at *Whiteladies*; but neither Threats nor Temptations were able to batter the Fort of their Loyalty.

AFTER this unhappy Defeat of his Majeſty's Army at *Worceſter*; Good God! In what ſtrange canting Language did the *Fanaticks* communicate their Exultations to one another; particularly in a Letter (hypocritically

pocritically pretended to be written from the Church of Chriſt at *Wrexham*, and printed in the *Diurnal*, *Nov.* 10. 1651.) there is this malignant Expreſſion, *Chriſt has revealed his own Arm, and broke the Arm of the Mighty once and again, and now laſtly at* Worceſter; *ſo that we conclude (in* Ezekiel's *Phraſe) there will be found no Roller to bind the late King's Arm to hold a Sword again*, &c. And that you may know who theſe falſe Prophets were, the Letter was thus ſubſcribed;

*Daniel Lloyd, Mor. Lloyd, John Brown, Edw. Taylor, An. Maddokes, Dav. Maurice.* Men who meaſured Cauſes by that Succeſs, which fell out according to their evil Deſires, not conſidering that God intended, in his own good Time, *To eſtabliſh the King's Throne with Juſtice*, Prov. 25.

Dan. i. 9.

After the *King had entered into the Kingdom, and returned to his own Land*, the five Brothers attended him at *White-Hall* on *Wedneſday* the 13th of *June* 1660. when his Majeſty was pleaſed to own their faithful Service, and graciouſly diſmiſſed them with a Princely Reward.

And ſoon after Mr. *Huddleſton* and Mr. *Whitgreave* made their humble Addreſſes to

to his Majeſty, from whom they likewiſe received a gracious Acknowledgment of their Service and Fidelity to him at *Moſeley*; and this in ſo high a Degree of Gratitude, and with ſuch a condeſcending Frame of Spirit, not at all puff'd up with Proſperity, as cannot be paralleld in the beſt of Kings.

HERE let us with all glad and thankful Hearts humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, who contrived ſuch wonderful Ways, and made uſe of ſuch mean Inſtruments for the Preſervation of ſo great a Perſon. Let us delight to reflect minutely on every particular, and eſpecially on ſuch as moſt approach to Miracle; let us ſum up the Number of thoſe, who were privy to this firſt and principal Part of his Majeſty's diſguiſe and concealment: Mr. *Giffard*, the five *Penderels*, their Mother, and three of their Wives, Colonel *Carlos*, *Francis Yates*, and his Wife, divers of the Inhabitants of *Whiteladies* (which then held five ſeveral Families) Mr. *Wcolf*, his Wife, Son, Daughter and Maid, Mr. *Whitgreave* and his Mother, Mr. *Huddleſton*, Colonel *Lane* and his Siſter; and then conſider whether it were not indeed a Miracle, that ſo many Men, and which is far more) ſo many Women ſhould faithfully conceal ſo important

important and unuſual a Secret; and this notwithſtanding the Temptations and Promiſes of Reward on the one Hand, and the Danger and Menaces of Puniſhment on the other.

To which I ſhall add but this one Circumſtance, that it was perform'd by Perſons, for the moſt Part, of that Religion which has long ſuffer'd under an Imputation (laid on them by ſome miſtaken Zealots) of Diſloyalty to their Sovereign.

And now, as we have thus thankfully commemorated the wonderful *Preſervation* of his Majeſty, what remains, but that we ſhould return due Thanks and Praiſes for his no leſs miraculous Restoration; who, after a long Series of Misfortunes, and variety of Afflictions, after he had been hunted to and fro like a *Partridge upon the Mountains*, was, in God's due Time, appointed to ſit, as his Vicegerent, upon the Throne of his Anceſtors; and called forth to govern his own People, when they leaſt expected him. For which all the Nation, even all the three Nations, had juſt Cauſe to ſing.

*Te Deum Laudamus.*

# *BOSCOBEL;*

OR, THE

# HISTORY

Of the Moſt Miraculous

## PRESERVATION

OF

## KING *CHARLES* II.

After the

## Battle of *WORCESTER.*

*September* the 3d, 1651.

## PART II.

PSAL. xix. 15.

*He ſhall call upon me, and I will anſwer him; I will be with him in Trouble; I will deliver him, and will honour him.*

*LONDON:* Printed in the Year MDCC.XLII.

Therefore 1762
William Dove



# PREFACE.

THE First Part *of this* Miraculous Hiſtory, *I long ſince publiſhed, having the Means to be well informed in all Circumſtances relating to it; the* Scene *(whereon thoſe great* Actions *were performed) being my native Country, and many of the* Actors *my particular Friends.*

*I did not then intend to have proceeded farther, preſuming ſome of thoſe worthy Perſons of the Weſt (who were the happy Inſtruments in this* Second Part) *would have given us that ſo much deſired Supplement; the rather ſince the Publication of the wonderful Series of this* great Work, *wherein the Hand of God ſo*

1 Sam. x. 24. *miraculouſly appeared, in Preſervation of* Him, whom the Lord hath choſen, *muſt needs open the Eyes, and convert the Hearts of the moſt Diſloyal.*

*But finding, in all this Time, nothing done, and the World more greedy of it, than ever young Ladies were to read the Concluſion of an amorous ſtrange Romance, after they had left the darling Lover plunged into ſome dire Misfortune, I have thus endeavoured to compleat the* Hiſtory.

*Chiefly encouraged hereunto, by an* Expreſs *from* Liſbon, *wherein 'tis certified, that (beſides the Tranſlation of the* Firſt Part *of* Boſcobel *into* French) *Mr.* Peter Giffard *of* Whiteladies *has lately made it ſpeak* Portugueſe, *and preſented it to the* Infanta, *our moſt excellent* Queen, *who was pleaſed to accept it with Grace, and peruſe it with Paſſion, intimating her* Royal Deſire *to ſee the Particulars, how the Hand of Providence had led the great* Monarch of her Heart *out of the treacherous Snares of ſo many Rebels.*

*In this, I dare not undertake to deliver ſo many Particulars, as in the former; for though the Time of* his Majeſty's *Stay in thoſe Weſtern*

*Weſtern Parts was longer, yet the Places were more remote, and my Lord* Wilmot *(the principal Agent) dead: But I will again confidently promiſe to write nothing but Truth, as near as a ſevere Scrutiny can inform me.*

*And perhaps a leſs Exactneſs in Circumſtantials will better pleaſe ſome, who (as I have heard) object againſt my former Endeavours on this Royal Subject as too minutely written, and Particulars ſet down of too mean a Concern, for which I have yet the Example of that renowned Hiſtorian* Famian Strada *to protect me, who writing of the Emperor* Charles the Fifth, *mentions what Meat he fed on ſuch a Day, what Cloaths he wore another Time, and gives this Reaſon,* That it pleaſes, to know every Thing that Princes do, *eſpecially when by a Chain of Providences, whoſe every Link ſeems ſmall and weak in its ſingle ſelf, ſo great a* Bleſſing *will, at laſt, be drawn in amongſt us.* De Bello Belgico. 1 Sam. xxiii. 17.

*That Part of this unparalled Relation of a King, which here I undertake to deliver, may fitly, I think, be called,* The Second Stage of the Royal Progreſs, *wherein, as I am ſure every good Subject will be aſtoniſhed to read the*

*Hardſhips and Difficulties* his Majeſty *encountered in this long and perilous Journey; ſo will they be even overjoy'd to find* him, *at laſt (by the Conduct of Heaven) brought ſafe to* Paris, *where my humble Endeavours leave* him, *thus comforted by the* Prophet;

Fear not, for the Hand of *Saul* ſhall not find Thee, and Thou ſhalt be King over *Iſrael.*

*T. B.*

Thomas Blount.

# *BOSCOBEL;*

OR, THE

# HISTORY

OF

## King CHARLES IId's

*Moſt miraculous Preſervation after the Battle of*

## *WORCESTER.*

*The Second Stage of the Royal Progreſs.*

HE that well conſiders the admirable Events particularized in the Firſt Part of this Hiſtory of his Majeſty's miraculous Preſervation, will be apt to think his evil *Genius* had almoſt rack'd its Invention to find out Hardſhips and Perils beyond human Imagination, and that his good *Angel* had been

been even tired out with contriving ſuitable Means for his Deliverance; yet if you pleaſe (after you have ſufficiently wondered and bleſſed God for the Preſervation you read there) proceed and admire the ſtrange ſtupendous Paſſages you ſhall find here; which, when your have done with juſt and due Attention, I cannot doubt but your Thoughts will eaſily raiſe themſelves into ſome holy Extaſy, and growing warm with often repeating their own Reflections, break forth at laſt, and join your Exclamations with all the true and hearty Adorers of the divine Providence.

Pſal. lxxxvi. 10. *Thou art great, O Lord, and doſt wonderful Things; thou art God alone.*

I ſhall not need, I hope, to beſpeak my Readers Patience for any long Introduction; ſince all the Complement I intend, is humbly to kiſs the Pen and Paper, which have the Honour to be Servants of this Royal Subject, and without farther Ceremony begin.

COLONEL *John Lane* having (as it has been related) ſafely conveyed his Majeſty from *Moſeley* to his own Houſe at *Bentley* in *Staffordſhire*, on *Tueſday* Night, the 9th of *September* 1651, the Lord *Wilmot* was there ready

ready to receive him, and after his Majeſty had eaten and conferred with my Lord and the Colonel of his intended Journey towards *Briſtol* the very next Morning, he went to Bed, though his Reſt was not like to be long; for at the very Break of the Day on *Wedneſday* Morning the Colonel called up his Majeſty and brought him up a new Suit and Cloak, which he had provided for him, of Country grey Cloth, as near as could be contrived like the Holy-day Suit of a Farmer's Son, which was thought fitteſt to carry on the Diſguiſe. Here his Majeſty quitted his leather Doublet and green Breeches, for this new grey Suit; and forſook his former Name *Will. Jones* for that of *Will. Jackſon.*

THUS then was the Royal Journey deſigned the King as a Tenant's Son (a Quality far more convenient for their Intention than that of a direct Servant) was ordered to ride before Mrs. *Jane Lane*, as her Attendant, Mr. *Henry Laſſels* (who was Kinſman, and had been *Cornet* to the Colonel in the late Wars) to ride ſingle, and Mr. *John Petre* of *Horton* in *Buckinghamſhire*, and his Wife, the Colonel's Siſter, who were then accidentally at *Bentley*, being bound homeward, to ride in the ſame Company; Mr.

Mr. *Petre* and his Wife little ſuſpecting *Will. Jackſon*, their fellow Traveller, to be the Monarch of *Great Britain*.

His Majeſty thus refreſhed, and thus accouter'd with all Neceſſaries for a Journey in the deſigned Equipage, after he had taken Leave of my Lord *Wilmot*, and agreed on their Meeting within a few Days after at Mr. *George Norton*'s Houſe at *Leigh* near *Briſtol*; the Colonel convey'd him a back Way into the Stable, where he fitted his Stirrups, and gave him ſome Inſtructions for better acting the Part of *Will. Jackſon*, mounted him on a good double Gelding, and directed him to come to the Gate of the Houſe, which he punctually performed, with his Hat under his Arm.

By this Time it was Twilight, and old Mrs. *Lane* (who knew nothing of this great Secret) would needs ſee her beloved Daughter take Horſe, which whilſt ſhe was intending, the Colonel ſaid to the King, *Will. thou muſt give my Siſter thy Hand*; but his Majeſty (unacquainted with ſuch little Offices) offered his Hand the contrary way, which the old Gentlewoman taking Notice of, laughed, and aſked the Colonel her Son, *What a goodly Horſeman her Daughter had got to ride before her?*

Mr.

Mr. *Petre* and his Wife, and Mr. *Laſſels* being alſo mounted, the whole Company took their Journey (under the Protection of the King of Kings) towards *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickſhire*: And ſoon after they were gone from *Bentley*, the Lord *Wilmot*, Colonel *Lane*, and *Robert Swan* my Lord's Servant, took Horſe, with a Hawk, and Spaniels with them for a Diſguiſe, intending to go that Night to Sir *Clement Fiſher*'s Houſe at *Packington* in *Warwickſhire*; where the Colonel knew they ſhould both be as welcome as Generoſity, and as ſecure as Fidelity could make them.

When the King and his ſmall Retinue arrived near *Wotton*, within four Miles of *Stratford*, they eſpy'd a Troop of Rebels, baiting (as they conceived) almoſt a Mile before them in the very Road, which cauſed a Council to be held among them, wherein Mr. *Petre* preſided, and he would by no Means go on, for fear of loſing his Horſe, or ſome other Detriment; ſo that they wheel'd about a more indirect Way, and at *Stratford* (where they were of Neceſſity to paſs the River *Avon*) met the ſame or another Troop in a narrow Paſſage, who very fairly opened to the Right and Left, and made

made Way for the Travellers to march through them.

THAT Night (according to Deſignment) Mrs. *Lane*, and her Company took up their Quarters at Mr. *Tomb*'s Houſe, at *Longmarſton*, ſome three Miles Weſt of *Stratford*, with whom ſhe was well acquainted; here *Will. Jackſon* being in the Kitchen, in Purſuance of his Diſguiſe, and the Cook Maid buſy in providing Supper for her Maſter's Friends, ſhe deſired him to wind up the Jack; *Will. Jackſon* was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right Way, which made the Maid in ſome Paſſion aſk, *What Countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a Jack? Will. Jackſon* anſwered very ſatisfactorily, *I am a poor Tenant's Son of Colonel* Lane *in* Staffordſhire, *we ſeldom have roaſt Meat, but when we have, we don't make uſe of a Jack*; which in ſome Meaſure aſſwaged the Maid's Indignation.

THE ſame Night my Lord, with the Colonel, arrived ſafely at Sir *Clement Fiſher*'s Houſe at *Packington*, where they found a Welcome ſuitable to the Nobleneſs of his Mind, and a Security anſwerable to the Faithfulneſs of his Heart.

NEXT Morning my Lord thought fit to diſpatch the Colonel to *London*, to procure, if

if poſſible, a Paſs for the King, by the Name of *William Jackſon*, to go into *France*, and to bring it himſelf or ſend it (as Opportunity ſhould be offered) to Mr. *Norton's* Houſe, where my Lord (as you have heard) was deſigned to attend his Majeſty.

On *Thurſday* Morning (11th of *Sept.*) the King, with Mrs. *Lane*, and Mr. *Laſſels* roſe early, and after Mrs. *Lane* had taken leave both of Mr. *Petre* and his Wife (whoſe Way lay more South) and of Mr. *Tombs* the Maſter of the Houſe, they took Horſe, and without any conſiderable Accident, rode by *Camden*, and arrived that Night at an Inn in *Cirenceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*, diſtant about twenty four Miles from *Longmarſton*. After Supper a good Bed was provided for Mr. *Laſſels*, and a Truckle-Bed for *Will. Jackſon* in the ſame Chamber; but Mr. *Laſſels* after the Chamberlain had left them, laid his Majeſty in the beſt Bed, and himſelf in the other, and uſed the like due Obſervance, when any Opportunity would allow it.

THE next Day being *Friday*, the Royal Traveller, with his Attendants, left *Cirenceſter*, and by the Way of *Sudbury* rode to and through the City of *Briſtol* (wherein

they had once loſt their Way, till Inquiry better informed them) and arrived that Evening at Mr. *Norton's* Houſe at *Leigh*, ſome three Miles from *Briſtol*, and about thirty from *Cirenceſter*, which was the deſired End of this perillous Journey.

At this Place his Majeſty ſtill continued under the Notion of one of Colonel *Lane's* Tenant's Sons; and, by a preſettled Contrivance with Mrs. *Lane*, feigned himſelf ſick of an Ague, under colour whereof ſhe procured him the better Chamber and Accommodation without any Suſpicion, and ſtill took Occaſion from thence with all poſſible Care and Obſervance, to ſend the ſick Perſon ſome of the beſt Meat from Mr. *Norton's* Table; and Mrs. *Norton's* Maid, *Margaret Rider* (who was commanded to be his Nurſe-keeper, and believed him ſick indeed) made *William* a *Carduus-Poſſet*, and was very careful of him; nor was his Majeſty at all known or ſuſpected here, either by Mr. *Norton* or his Lady, from whoſe Knowledge yet, he was not concealed out of any the leaſt Diſtruſt of their Fidelity (for his whole Dominions yielded not more faithful Subjects) but becauſe ſuch Knowledge might haply at unawares have drawn a greater Reſpect and Obſervance

vance from them, than that Exigent would ſafely admit of.

UNDER the Diſguiſe of this Ague his Majeſty for the moſt Part kept his Chamber, during his Stay at *Leigh*; yet, being ſomewhat wearied with that kind of Impriſonment, one Day (when his Ague might be imagined to be in the Intermiſſion) he walk'd down to a Place, where the young Men played at a Game of Ball called *Fives*, where his Majeſty was ask'd by one of the Gameſters, if he could play, and would take his Part at that Game; he pleaded Unskilfulneſs, and modeſtly refuſed.

BUT behold an unexpected Accident here fell out, which put his Majeſty and Mrs. *Lane* into ſome Apprehenſion of the Danger of a Diſcovery. Mr. *Norton*'s Butler (whoſe Name was *John Pope*) had ſerved a Courtier ſome Years before the War, under Colonel *Bagot* at *Litchfield*, and by that Means had the Phyſiognomy of the King (then Prince of *Wales*) ſo much imprinted in his Memory, that tho' his Majeſty was in all Points moſt accurately diſguiſed) yet the Butler knew him, and communicated his Knowledge to Mrs. *Lane*, who at firſt abſolutely denied him to be the

King, but after, upon Conference and Advice had with his Majeſty, it was thought beſt to acknowledge it to the Butler, and, by the Bonds of Allegiance, conjure him to Secrecy, who thereupon kiſſed the King's Hand, and proved perfectly honeſt.

On *Saturday* Night (13th of *September*) the Lord *Wilmot* arrived at a Village near *Leigh* where he lay, but came every Day to viſit *Will. Jackſon* and Mrs. *Lane*, as Perſons of his Acquaintance; and ſo had the Opportunity to attend and conſult with his Majeſty unſuſpected, during their ſtay at *Leigh*.

Soon after, upon ſerious Advice had with my Lord, it was reſolved by his Majeſty to go to *Trent*, the Houſe of Colonel *Francis Wyndham* (of whoſe Fidelity his Majeſty had ample Aſſurance) which lies in *Somerſetſhire*, but bordering on the very Skirts of *Dorſetſhire* near *Sherburn*; and therefore was judged to be conveniently ſeated in the Way towards *Lime* and other Port Towns, where his Majeſty might probably take Shipping for *France*.

In Purſuance of this Reſolve, the Lord *Wilmot* (as his Majeſty's Harbinger) rode to *Trent* on *Monday*, to make Way for his more private Reception there; and *Tueſ-*

*day*

*day* Morning (*Sept.* 16.) his MAJESTY's Ague being then (as was pretended) in the Receſs, he repaired to the Stable, and there gave Order for making ready the Horſes, and then it was ſignified from Mrs. *Lane*, (tho' before ſo agreed) that *William Jackſon* ſhould ride ſingle and carry the Portmanteau; accordingly they mounted, being attended Part of the Way by one of Mr. *Norton*'s Men as a Guide, and that Day rode through the Body of *Somerſetſhire*, to Mr. *Edward Kirton*'s Houſe at *Caſtle-Cary*, near *Burton*, where his Majeſty lay that Night, and next Morning arrived at Colonel *Wyndham*'s ſaid Houſe, which was about twenty ſix Miles from *Leigh*.

HIS Majeſty was now at *Trent*, in as much Safety, as the Maſter of the Houſe his Fidelity and Prudence could make him; but the great Work was how to procure a Veſſel for Tranſportation of this great Treaſure; for this End his Majeſty, the Lord *Wilmot*, Colonel *Wyndham*, had ſeveral Conſults, and in Purſuance of their Determination, the Colonel with his truſty Servant *Henry Peters*, poſted to *Lime*, which is about twenty Miles from *Trent*, where, after ſome Difficulty, by the Aſſi-

ſtance of Captain *William Elſden*, a loyal Subject (at whoſe Houſe the Colonel lodged) he hir'd a Bark to tranſport his Majeſty for *France*, which Bark was by Agreement to attend at *Charmouth* (a little maritime near *Lime*) at a Time appointed, and return'd with all ſpeed to *Trent* with the good News.

THE next Day his Majeſty reſolved for *Lime*, and Mrs. *Jane Lane* here humbly took her Leave of him, returning with Mr. *Laſſels*, by his Majeſty's Permiſſion into *Staffordſhire*, leaving him in faithful Hands, and in a hopeful Way of eſcaping the bloody Deſigns of mercileſs Rebels; which as it was all along the Scope of her Endeavours, ſo was it now the Subject of her Prayers; yet it was ſtill thought the beſt Diſguiſe, for his Majeſty to ride before ſome Woman; and accordingly Mrs. *Julian Cunningsby*, Colonel *Wyndham*'s Kinſwoman, had the Honour to ride behind his Majeſty, who with the Lord *Wilmot*, the Colonel, and *Henry Peters*, came that Evening to a blind Inn in *Charmouth*, near which Place the Skipper had promiſed to be in readineſs with his Bark; but obſerve the Diſappointment.

IN

In the Interim (whilſt Colonel *Wyndham* was gone back to *Trent*) it ſeems the *Rebels Proclamation*, for apprehending CHARLES STUART (meaning in their impudent Phraſe) our then gracious King, and prohibiting, for a certain Time, the Tranſportation of any Perſon without a particular Licenſe, had been publiſhed in and about *Lime*, and the Skipper having acquainted his Wife, that he had agreed to tranſport two or three Perſons into *France*, whom he believed might be Cavaliers, it ſeems the *Gray Mare* was the *better Horſe*; for ſhe locked up her Husband in his Chamber, and would by no Means permit him to go the Voyage; ſo that whilſt *Henry Peters* ſtay'd on the Beach moſt Part of the Night; his Majeſty, and the reſt of the Company ſate up in the Inn, expecting News of the Seaman with his Boat who never appeared.

THE next Morning his Majeſty and Attendants reſolving to return to *Trent*, rode firſt to *Bruteport* in *Dorſetſhire*, where he ſtay'd at an Inn, whilſt *Henry Peters* was ſent back to Captain *Elſden*, to ſee if there were any Hope left of perſuading the Skipper, or rather of gaining Leave of his Wife, for him to undertake the Voyage; but

but all Endeavours proved ineffectual, and by that Time *Harry* returned, the Day was ſo far ſpent, that his Majeſty could conveniently reach no farther that Night than *Broad-Windſor*; and (which added much to the Danger) Col. *Heane* (one of *Cromwell's* Commanders) at this very Time was marching Rebels from ſeveral Garriſons to *Weymouth*, and other adjacent Ports, in order to their being ſhipped, for the forcing the Iſland of *Jerſey* from his Majeſty's Obedience, as they had done all the reſt of his Dominions; ſo that the Roads of this Country were full of Soldiers.

*Broad-Windſor* afforded but one Inn, and that the *George*, a mean one two (and which was worſe) the beſt Accommodations in it were, before his Majeſty's Arrival, taken up by Rebel Soldiers, one of whoſe Doxies was brought to Bed in the Houſe, which cauſed the Conſtable and Overſeers for the Poor of the Pariſh to come thither at an unſeaſonable Hour of the Night, to take Care that the Brat might not be left to the Charge of the Pariſh; ſo that his Majeſty, through this Diſturbance went not to Bed at all, and we may ſafely conclude, he took as little reſt

reſt here, as he did the Night before at *Charmouth.* Thus were *the Tribulation of* David's *Heart enlarged*, and he prayed, *Deliver me, O Lord, from my Diſtreſſes.*

His Majeſty having ſtill thus miraculouſly eſcaped Dangers, which hourly environed him, returned ſafe to *Trent* next Morning, where, after ſome Refreſhment and Reſt taken, he was pleaſed to call my Lord *Wilmot* and Colonel *Wyndham* (the Members of his little Privy Council) together, to conſider what Way was next to be attempted for his Tranſportation.

After ſeveral Propoſals, it was at laſt reſolved that my Lord (attended and conducted by *Henry Peters*) ſhould the next Day be ſent to *Salisbury*, to Mr. *John Coventry* (Son to the late Lord *Coventry*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England*) who then lived in the *Cloſe* of that City, and was known to be both a prudent Perſon and a perfect Lover of his Sovereign, as well to adviſe how to procure a Bark for paſſing his Majeſty into *France*, as for providing ſome Monies for his preſent neceſſary Occaſions.

My Lord being arrived at *Salisbury*, diſpatched *Henry Peters* back to *Trent*, with Intimation of the good Reception he found

found there; for, Mr. *Coventry* did not only furniſh him with Monies, but was very ſolicitous for his Majeſty's Safety; to which End he adviſed with Dr. *Humphrey Henchman*, a worthy Divine, who ſince his Majeſty's happy Reſtauration, was with much Merit advanced to the Epiſcopal See of *Salisbury*.

THE Reſult of theſe two loyal Perſons Conſultation was, that his Majeſty ſhould be deſired to remove to *Hele* (which lay about three Miles North-Eaſt of *Salisbury*) the Dwelling-Houſe of Mrs. *Mary Hyde*, the Relict of *Laurence Hyde*, Eſq; eldeſt Brother to honourable Sir *Robert Hyde*, one of the Juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of *Common-Pleas*, whom they knew to be both as diſcreet and as loyal, as any of her Sex.

WITH this Reſolution and Advice Mr. *Coventry* diſpatched his Chaplain, Mr. *John Selleck* to *Trent* with a Letter, rolled up into the Bigneſs of Musket Bullet, which the faithful Meſſenger had Order to ſwallow down his Throat, in Caſe of any Danger.

MEAN Time Mr. *Coventry* had found out a truſty Seaman at *Southampton*, who undertook to tranſport whom he pleaſed; but on ſecond Thoughts and Advice had with

with my Lord *Wilmot*, it was not held ſafe for his Majeſty to take Shipping there, in regard of the ſo many Caſtles by which the Ships paſs, that are outward bound, and the often Examination of the Paſſengers in them; ſo that ſome of the ſmall Ports of *Suſſex* were concluded to be the ſafer Places for effecting this great Work of his Majeſty's Delivery from the Hands of ſuch unparallel'd Rebels, who even ravenouſly thirſted after Royal Blood.

In the Interim Mr. *Selleck* returned with his Majeſty's Reſolution to come to *Hele*, ſignified by a like paper Bullet; and by this Time his Majeſty thought fit to admit of the Service and Aſſiſtance of Colonel *Robert Philips* (Grandſon to the famous Sir *Edward Philips*, late Maſter of the Rolls) who lived in thoſe Parts, and was well acquainted with the Ways of the Country, and known to be as faithful as Loyalty could make him: This Colonel undertook to be his Majeſty's Conductor to *Hele*, which was near thirty Miles diſtant from *Trent*.

During his Majeſty's Stay at *Trent* (which was about a Fortnight) he was, for his own Security, forced to confine himſelf to the voluntary Impriſonment of his Chamber,

Chamber, which was happily accommodated (in caſe the Rebels had ſearched the Houſe) with an old well-contrived ſecret Place, long before made (for a Shelter againſt the Inquiſition of Purſuivants) by ſome of the ancient Family of the *Gerbards*, Col. *Wyndham*'s Lady's Anceſtors, who were *Recuſants*, and had formerly been Owners of that Houſe.

His Majeſty's Meat was likewiſe (to prevent the Danger of a Diſcovery) for the moſt Part dreſſed in his own Chamber, the Cookery whereof ſerved him for ſome Divertiſement of the Time: And it is a great Truth if we ſay, there was no Coſt ſpared, nor Care wanting in the Colonel, for the Entertainment and Preſervation of his Royal Gueſt.

On the 3d of *October*, his Majeſty (having given Colonel *Wyndham* particular Thanks for his great Care and Fidelity towards him) left *Trent*, and began his Journey with Colonel *Philips*, and perſonating a Tenant's Son of his, towards *Hele*, attended by *Henry Peters* (afterwards Yeoman of the Field to his Majeſty) and riding before Mr. *Conningsby*. The Travellers paſſed by *Wincanton*, and near the midſt of that Day's Journey, arrived at *Mere*, a little

little Market Town in *Wiltſhire*, and dined at the *George* Inn; the Hoſt, Mr. *Chriſtopher Philips*, whom the Colonel knew to be perfectly honeſt.

THE Hoſt ſate at the Table with his Majeſty, and adminiſtred Matters of Diſcourſe, told the Colonel, for News, that he heard the Men of *Weſtminſter* (meaning the Rebels) notwithſtanding their Victory at *Worceſter*, were in a great Maze, not knowing what was become of the King; but (ſays he) it is the moſt received Opinion that he is come in a Diſguiſe to *London*, and many Houſes have been ſearched for him there; at which his Majeſty was obſerved to ſmile.

AFTER Dinner mine Hoſt familiarly asked the King, *if he were a Friend to* Cæſar? To which his Majeſty anſwered, *Yes*; Then ſaid he, *Here's a Health to King* CHARLES, in a Glaſs of Wine, which his Majeſty and the Colonel both pledged; and that Evening arrived in Safety at *Hele*. And his Majeſty ſince his happy Return has been pleaſed to ask, *What was become of his honeſt Hoſt at* Mere?

IN the mean Time the Lord *Wilmot* (who took up the borrowed Name of Mr. *Barlow*) rode to ſuch Gentlemen of his

Acquaintance in *Hampſhire*, whom he knew to be faithful Subjects, to ſeek Means for (what he ſo much deſired) the Tranſportation of his Majeſty; and firſt repaired to Mr. *Laurence Hyde* (a Name as faithful as fortunate in his Majeſty's Service at his Houſe at *Hinton D'aubigny* near *Cathariington*, then to Mr. *Thomas Henſlow* at *Burhant*, in the ſame County) to whom (as Perſons of known Fidelity) my Lord communicated his weighty Buſineſs, and deſired their Aſſiſtance for procuring a Bark for his Majeſty's Tranſportation.

Mr. *Henſlow* (in Zeal to this Service) immediately acquainted the Earl of *Southampton* (then at his Houſe at *Titchfield*, and afterwards with much Merit dignified with the great Office of *Lord High Treaſurer of* England) with this moſt important Affair; my Lord *Wilmot* judging it fitter for Mr. *Henſlow* (his Neighbour) to do it, than for himſelf, in thoſe Circumſtances, to appear at my Lord's Houſe; whoſe eminent Fidelity and ſingular Prudence, in the Conduct of even the greateſt Affairs of State, being known both to them and all the World, and his great Power and Command at *Bewly* Haven, and the Maritime Parts of *Hampſhire*, eſteemed very

very favourable for their Deſign, wherein his Lordſhip was extreamly active and ſolicitous.

BESIDES this, Mr. *Laurence Hyde* recommended my Lord *Wilmot* to Colonel *George Gunter*, who lived at *Rackton* near *Chicheſter* in *Suſſex*; and was known to be both faithful and active, not unlike to be ſucceſsful in this Service, to whom therefore my Lord haſted, and lay at *Rackton* one Night, where he imparted his great Solicitation to the Colonel, and his Kinſman Mr. *Thomas Gunter*, who was then accidentally there.

ALL theſe Perſons had the like Inſtructions from my Lord, which made a deep Impreſſion on their loyal Hearts, and excited them to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours by ſeveral Ways and Means to procure the *Noah's Ark*, which might at laſt ſecure his Majeſty from the great Inundation of Rebellion and Treaſon, which then did overſpread the Face of his whole Dominions.

BUT to return to my humble Obſervance of his Majeſty at *Hele*, where Mrs. *Hyde* was ſo tranſported with Joy and Loyalty towards him, that at Supper, though his Majeſty was ſet at the lower End of the Table, yet the good Gentlewoman had

much ado to overcome herſelf, and not to carve to him firſt; however ſhe could not refrain from drinking to him in a Glaſs of Wine, and giving him two Larks, when others had but one.

After Supper Mr. *Frederick Hyde* (Brother-in-Law to the Widow, who was then at *Hele*, and ſince created *Serjeant at Law*) diſcourſed with his Majeſty upon various Subjects, not ſuſpecting who he was, but wondered to receive ſuch rational Diſcourſe from a Perſon, whoſe Habit ſpoke him but of mean Degree; and when his Majeſty was brought to his Chamber, Dr. *Henchman* attended him there, and had a long and private Communication with him.

Next Day it was thought fit, to prevent the Danger of any Diſcovery, or even Suſpicion in the Houſe, that in regard his Majeſty might poſſibly ſtay there ſome Days before the Conveniency of a Tranſportation could be found out, he ſhould that Day publickly take his Leave, and ride about two Miles from the Houſe, and then be privately brought in again the ſame Evening, when all the Servants were at Supper; which was accordingly performed, and after that Time his Majeſty appeared no more at *Hele* in Publick, but had

Meat

Meat brought him privately to his Chamber, and was attended by the good Widow with much Care and Obſervance.

Now among the many faithful Solicitors for this long expected Bark, Colonel *Gunter* happened to be the lucky Man, who firſt procured it at *Brightheimſton* in *Suſſex*, by the Aſſiſtance of Mr. *Francis Manſel*, Merchant of *Chicheſter*; and the concurrent Endeavours of Mr. *Thomas Gunter*: And on *Saturday* Night the eleventh of *October*, he brought the happy Tidings to my Lord *Wilmot*, and Colonel *Philips*, who then lay, the one at Mr. *Laurence Hyde*'s, the other at Mr. *Anthony Brown*'s Houſe, his Neighbour and Tenant.

THE next Morning, being *Sunday*, Colonel *Philips* was diſpatch'd to *Hele* with the much deſired News, and with Inſtructions to attend his Majeſty on *Monday* to the *Downs*, called *Old Wincheſter*, near *Warniford*.

EARLY in the Morning his Majeſty was privately conveyed from *Hele*, and went on Foot at leaſt two Miles to *Clarendon* Park Corner, attended by Dr. *Henchman*; then took Horſe with Colonel *Philips*; and at the appointed Time and Place the Lord *Wilmot*, Col. *Gunter*, and Mr. *Thomas Gun-*

ter met his Majeſty, with a Brace of Greyhounds, the better to carry on the Diſguiſe.

THAT Night, though both Mr. *Laurence Hyde* and Mr. *Henſlow* had each of them provided a ſecure Lodging for his Majeſty, by the Lord *Wilmot*'s Order, yet it was judged fitteſt by Colonel *Gunter*, and accordingly agreed unto by my Lord, that his Majeſty ſhould lodge at Mr. *Thomas Symon*'s Houſe at *Hambleden* in *Hampſhire*, who married the Colonels Siſter, in regard the Colonel knew them to be very faithful, but chiefly becauſe it lay more directly in the Way from *Hele* to *Brightbemſton*; and accordingly Colonel *Gunter* attended his Majeſty to his Siſter's Houſe that Night, who provided a good Supper for them, though ſhe had not the leaſt Suſpicion or Intimation of his Majeſty's Preſence among them.

THE King and his ſmall Retinue arriving in Safety at Mrs. *Symon*'s Houſe on *Monday* Night the 13th of *October*, were heartily welcomed by Mrs. *Symons*, for her Husband was not then at Home; but by that Time they had ſupp'd in comes Mr *Symons*, who wondering to ſee ſo many Strangers in his Houſe, was aſſured by his Brother

ther *Guiter*, that they were all honeſt Gentlemen; yet, at firſt Interview, he much ſuſpected Mr *Jackſon* to be a *Round-head*, obſerving how little Hair *William Pendrel's* Sciſſers had left him; but at laſt being ſatisfied they were all Cavaliers, he ſoon laid open his Heart, and thought nothing too good for them, was ſorry his Beer was no ſtronger, and, to encourage it, fetch'd down a Bottle of Strong-Water, and, mixing it with the Beer, drank a cheerful Cup to Mr. *Jackſon*, calling him *Brother Round-head*, whom his Majeſty pledged; who was here obſerved to be cloathed in a ſhort *Juppa* of a ſad coloured Cloth, and his Breeches of another Species, with a black Hat, and without Cuffs, ſomewhat like the meaner Sort of Country Gentlemen.

Mr. *Symons*, in the Time of entertaining his Gueſts, did by chance let fall an Oath, for which Mr. *Jackſon* took Occaſion modeſtly to reprove him.

His Majeſty, thus reſting himſelf *Monday* Night at *Hambledon*, early on *Tueſday* Morning (*October* the 14th) prepared for his Journey to *Brighthemſton*, diſtant about thirty five Miles from thence: But (having then no further uſe for Colonel *Philips*) diſ-

miſſed

miſſed him with Thanks for his Fidelity and Service, in this moſt ſecret and important Affair; and then, having alſo bidden Farewell to Mr. *Symons* and his Wife, took Horſe, attended by my Lord *Wilmot* and his Man, Colonel *Gunter*, and Mr. *Thomas Gunter*.

When they came near the Lord *Lumley's* Houſe at *Stanſtead* in *Suſſex*, it was conſidered, that the Greatneſs of the Number of Horſe might poſſibly raiſe ſome ſuſpicion of them, Mr. *Thomas Gunter* was therefore diſmiſſed with Thanks, for the Service he had done, and his Majeſty held on his Journey without any Stay; and being come to *Bramber* within ſeven Miles of the deſired Port, met there ſome of Colonel *Herbert Morley's* Soldiers, who yet did neither examine, nor had they, as far as could be diſcerned, the leaſt Suſpicion of the Royal Paſſengers, who arrived at laſt at the *George* Inn in *Brightbemſton*, where Mr. *Francis Manſel*, who aſſiſted Colonel *Gunter* in this happy Service, had agreed to meet him.

At Supper Mr. *Manſel* ſate at the upper End of the Table, and Mr. *Jackſon* (for that Name his Majeſty ſtill retained) at the lower End. The Inn-Keeper's Name was

was *Smith*, and had formerly related to the Court, ſo that he ſuſpected Mr. *Jackſon* to be whom he really was, which his Majeſty underſtanding, he diſcourſed with his Hoſt after Supper, whereby his Loyalty was confirmed; and the Man proved faithful.

THE next Morning, being *Wedneſday* *October* the 15th (the ſame Day on which the noble Earl of *Derby* became a Royal *Martyr* at *Boulton*) his Majeſty, having given particular Thanks to Colonel *Gunter*, for his great Care, Pains and Fidelity towards him, took Shipping with the Lord *Wilmot* in the Bark, which lay in Readineſs for him at that Harbour, and whereof Mr. *Nicholas Peterſal* was Owner; and the next Day, with an auſpicious Gale of Wind, landed ſafe at *Fecam* near *Havre de Grace* in *Normandy*; where his Majeſty might happily ſay with *David*, *Thou haſt delivered me from the violent Man*; *therefore will I ſing Praiſes to thy Name*, *O Lord*.

THIS very Bark, after his Majeſty's Reſtauration, was by Captain *Peterſal* brought into the River *Thames*, and lay ſome Months at Anchor before *Whitehall*, to renew

new the Memory of the happy Service it had performed.

His Majeſty having nobly rewarded Captain *Tetterſal*, in Gold, for his Tranſportation, lodged this Night at an Inn in *Fecam*, and the next Day rode to *Roan*, ſtill attended by the faithful Lord *Wilmot*, where he continued *Incognito* ſeveral Days at Mr. *Scot*'s Houſe, ſince created *Baronet*, till he had ſent an Expreſs to the Queen, his Royal Mother, who had been long ſolicitous to hear of his Safety, and the Court of *France*, intimating his ſafe Arrival there, and had quitted his diſguiſed Habit for one more befitting the Dignity of ſo great a KING.

Upon the firſt Intelligence of this welcome News, his Highneſs, the Duke of *York* ſent his Coach forthwith to attend his Majeſty at *Roan*, and the Lord *Gerard*, with others his Majeſty's Servants, made all poſſible Haſte, with glad Hearts, to perform their Duty to him. So that on the 29th of *October*, his Majeſty ſet forward towards *Paris*, lay that Night at *Fleury*, about ſeven Leagues from *Roan*; the next Morning his Royal Brother, the Duke of *York*, was ready to receive him at *Magnie*, and that Evening his Majeſty was met

met at *Monceaux*, a Village near *Paris*, by the Queen of *England*, accompanied with her Brother, the Duke of *Orleans*, and attended by a great Number of Coaches, and many both *Engliſh* and *French* Lords and Gentlemen on Horſeback, and was thus gladly conducted the ſame Night, though ſomewhat late, to the *Louvre* at *Paris*, to the inexpreſſible Joy of his dear Mother, the Queen, his Royal Brother the Duke of *York*, and of all true Hearts.

HERE we muſt again, with greater Reaſon, humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, which certainly never appeared more miraculouſly than in this ſtrange Deliverance of his Majeſty from ſuch an Infinity of Dangers, that Hiſtory it ſelf cannot produce a Parallel, nor will Poſterity willingly believe it.

FROM the 3d of *September* at *Worceſter* to the 15th of *October* at *Brighthemſton*, being one and forty Days, he paſſed through more Dangers than he travelled Miles, of which yet he traverſed in that Time only near three hundred (not to ſpeak of his Dangers at Sea, both at his coming into *Scotland*, and his going out of *England*, nor of his long March from *Scotland*

*Scotland* to *Worceſter*) ſometimes on Foot with uneaſy Shoes; at other Times on Horſeback, encumbered with a Portmanteau, and which was worſe, at another Time on the gall-back'd, ſlow-pac'd Miller's Horſe; ſometime acting one Diſguiſe in coarſe Linnen and a leather Doublet; ſometimes another, of almoſt as bad a Complection; one Day he is forced to ſculk in a Barn at *Madeley*; another Day ſits with Colonel *Carlos* in a Tree, with his Feet extreamly gall'd, and at Night glad to lodge with *William Penderel* in a ſecret Place at *Boſcobel*, which never was intended for the Dormitory of a King.

SOMETIMES he was forced to ſhift with coarſe Fare for a Belly-full; another Time in a Wood, glad to receive the Neceſſities of Nature with a Meſs of Milk, ſerved up in an homely Diſh by Good-Wife *Yates*, a poor Country Woman; then again, for a Variety of Tribulation, when he thought himſelf almoſt out of Danger, he directly meets ſome of thoſe Rebels, who ſo greedily ſought his Blood, yet, by God's great Providence, had not the Power to diſcover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he ſent at another Time to ſome Subjects for Relief and Aſſiſtance in

in his great Neceſſity, who out of a puſillanimous Fear of the bloody *Arch-Rebel*, then reigning, durſt not own him.

BESIDES all this 'twas not the leaſt of his Afflictions daily to hear the Earl of *Derby*, and other his loyal Subjects, ſome murdered, ſome impriſoned, and others ſequeſtred in Heaps, by the ſame *bloody Uſurper*, only for performing their Duty to their lawful KING. In a Word, there was no Kind of Miſery (but Death it ſelf of which his Majeſty, in this horrid Perſecution, did not in ſome Meaſure, both in Body, Mind and Eſtate, bear a very great Share; yet ſuch was his invincible *Patience* in this Time of Trial, ſuch his *Fortitude*, that he overcame them all with ſuch pious Advantage to himſelf, that their Memory is now ſweet, and *it was good for him, that he had been afflicted.*

OF theſe his Majeſty's Sufferings and forced Extermination from his own Dominions, *England*'s * *Great Chancellor* thus excellently deſcants.

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* Edward *Earl of* Clarendon. *See* p. 291, *of the* Appendix *to his Lordſhip's* Hiſtory *of the* Grand Rebellion.

*We may tell those desperate Wretches, who yet harbour in their Thought, wicked Designs against the sacred Person of the King, in order to the compassing their own Imaginations, that God Almighty would not have led him through so many Wildernesses of Afflictions of all Kinds, conducted him through so many Perils by Sea, and Perils by Land, snatch'd him out of the midst of this Kingdom, when it was not worthy of him, and when the Hands of his Enemies were even upon him, when they thought themselves so sure of him, that they would bid so cheap and so vile a Price for him: He would not in that Article have so covered him with a Cloud, that he travelled even with some Pleasure and great Observation through the midst of his Enemies: He would not so wonderfully have new modelled that Army; so inspired their Hearts and the Hearts of the whole Nation with an honest and impatient Longing for the Return of their dear Sovereign, and in the mean Time (which had little less of Providence in it than the other) with those unnatural, or at least unusual Dis-respects, and Reproaches abroad, that he might have a harmless and an innocent Appetite to his own Country, and return to his own People, with a full Value, and the whole unwasted*

*unwaſted Bulk of his Affections, without being corrupted or byaſſed by extraordinary foreign Obligations: God Almighty would not have done all this but for a Servant, whom he will always preſerve, as the Apple of his own Eye, and always defend the moſt ſecret Michinations of his Enemies.*

THUS the beſt and happieſt of Orators.

SOME may haply here expect I ſhould have continued the particulars of this Hiſtory to the Time of his Majeſty's happy Reſtauration, by giving an Account of the Reception his Majeſty found from the ſeveral Princes beyond the Seas, during his Exile, and of his Evenneſs of Mind, and prudent Deportment towards them, upon all Occaſions; but that was clearly beyond the Scope of my Intention, which aimed only to write the *Wonderful Hiſtory* of a great and good King, violently purſued in his own Dominions by the worſt of *Rebels*, and miraculouſly preſerved, under God, by the beſt of Subjects.

IN other Countries, of which his Majeſty traverſed not a few, he found Kindneſs and a juſt Compaſſion of his Adverſity from many, and from ſome a Neglect and Diſ-re-

gard; yet, in all the almoſt nine Years Abroad, I have not heard of any Paſſage that approached the Degree of a Miracle like that at Home; therefore I may, with Faith to my own Intentions, not improperly make a ſilent Tranſition from his Majeſty's Arrival at *Paris*, on the thirtieth Day of *October*, 1651, to his Return to *London* on the nine and twentieth of *May*, 1660; and with a *Te Deum Laudamus*, ſum up all, and ſay with the Prophet;

2 Sam. xix. 30. *My Lord, the King, is come again in Peace, to his own Houſe.*

1 Sam. xx. 24. *And all the People ſhouted, and ſaid,* GOD SAVE THE KING.

*FINIS.*

*Clauſtrum Regale Reſeratum:*

OR,

# KING *CHARLES* II^ds CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.

Publiſhed by Mrs. ANN WYNDHAM.

*In umbra alarum tuarum ſperabo, donec tranſeat iniquitas.*

*LONDON:*

Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XLII.

TO THE

# QUEEN's

MOST EXCELLENT

# MAJESTY.

THIS little Book having obtained Liberty, after a long Impriſonment, to walk Abroad, proſtrates it ſelf at Your Majeſty's Feet for Patronage and Protection. In it your Majeſty may behold GOD's wonderful Mercy and Providence, in keeping and preſerving our Gracious Sovereign from the Hands of his Enemies, when they ſo pleaſed themſelves with the Hopes of ſeizing His Sacred Perſon after the

Battle

*Battle of* Worceſter; *as they had invented and prepared new Ways to afflict His Majeſty, ſuch as, till then, never entred into the Hearts of the worſt of Tyrants before them. But it pleaſed God to fruſtrate the Hopes and Deſigns of the King's Adverſaries, and to reſtore His Majeſty to His Father's Throne: Which that he may long enjoy with Your Majeſty, in Health, Peace and Happineſs, is, and ſhall be, the Prayer of*

Your MAJESTY's,

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt faithful Servant,

ANNE WYNDHAM.

*Clauſtrum Regale Reſeratum:*

OR, THE

# KING'S CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.

HOW that after the Battle of *Worceſter*, his Sacred Majeſty moſt wonderfully eſcaped the Hands of his Blood-thirſty Enemies, and (under a Diſguiſe, in the Company of Mrs. *Jane Lane*) ſafely arrived at *Abbots-Leigh* in *Somerſetſhire* (the Seat of Sir *George Norton*, lying near to the City of *Briſtol*) hath been fully publiſhed unto the World. His Majeſty's Journey from thence to the Houſe of Colonel *Francis Wyndham* at *Trent*, in the ſame County, his Stay there, his Endeavour (though fruſtrate) to get over into

into *France*, his Return to *Trent*, his final Departure thence in order to his happy Tranſportation, are the Subject of this preſent Relation. A Story, in which the Conſtellation of Providence are ſo refulgent, that their Light is ſufficient to confute all the Atheiſts of the World, and to enforce all Perſons (whoſe Faculties are not pertinaciouſly deprav'd) to acknowledge a watchful Eye of GOD from above, looking upon all Actions of Men here below, making even the moſt Wicked ſubſervient to his juſt and glorious Deſigns. And indeed, whatſoever the Ancients fabled of *Gyges*'s Ring, by which he could render himſelf inviſible, or the Poets fancied of their Gods, who uſually carried their chief Favourites in the Clouds, and by drawing thoſe aerial Curtains, did ſo conceal them, that they were heard and ſeen of none, whilſt they both heard and ſaw others, is here moſt certainly verified. For, the Almighty ſo cloſely covered the King, with the Wing of his Protection, and ſo clouded the Underſtanding of his cruel Enemies, that the moſt piercing Eye of Malice could not ſee, nor the moſt barbarouſly-bloody Hand offer Violence to his ſacred Perſon; God ſmiting his Purſuers (as once he did the *Sodomites*) with Blindneſs, who with as much Eagerneſs

Eagerneſs ſought to ſacrifice the Lord's Anointed to their Fury, as the other did to proſtitute the Angels to their Luſts.

But before the ſeveral Particulars of this Story are laid open, two Queſtions (eaſily foreſeen) which will be readily aſked by every Reader, call for an Anſwer. The one is, Why this Relation, ſo much expected, ſo much longed for, has been kept up all this while from publick View? And the other, How it comes to paſs, that it now takes the Liberty to walk abroad? Concerning the firſt, it muſt be known, that a Narrative of theſe Paſſages was (by eſpecial Command from his Majeſty) written by the Colonel's own Hand, immediately after the King's Return into *England*; which (being preſented to his Majeſty) was laid up in his Royal Cabinet, there to reſt for ſome Time, it being the King's Pleaſure (for Reaſons beſt known to his ſacred Self) that it ſhould not be then publiſhed.

And as his Majeſty's Command to keep it private, is a ſatisfactory Anſwer to the firſt; ſo, his Licence now obtained that it might travel abroad, may ſufficiently reſolve the ſecond Queſtion. But beſides this, many prevalent Reaſons there are, which plead for a Publication; the chief of which are theſe;

theſe: That the implacable Enemies of this Crown may be for ever ſilenced and aſhamed; who having neither Law nor Religion to patronize their unjuſt Undertakings, conſtrued a bare Permiſſion, to be a divine Approbation of their Actions; and (taking the Almighty to be ſuch a one as themſelves) blaſphemouſly entitled God to be the Author of all their Wickedneſs. But the Arm of God ſtretched out from Heaven to the Reſcue of the King, cutting off the Clue of their Succeſs, even then when they thought they had ſpun up their Thread, hath not left them ſo much as an Apron of Fig-Leaves to cover the Nakedneſs of their moſt ſhameful Proceedings.

THE next is, That the Truth of his Majeſty's Eſcape (being minced by ſome, miſtaken by others, and not fully ſet forth by any) might appear in its native Beauty and Splendor; that as every Duſt of Gold is Gold, and every Ray of Light is Light, ſo every Jot and Tittle of Truth being Truth, not one Grain of the Treaſure, nor one Beam of the Luſtre of this Story might be loſt or clouded; it being ſo rare, ſo excellent, that aged Time out of all the Archives of Antiquity can hardly produce a Parallel. Singularly admirable indeed it is, if we conſider

ſider the Circumſtances and Actors. The Colonel (who chiefly deſigned, and moved in this great Affair) could not have had the Freedom to have ſerved his Majeſty, had he not been a Priſoner; his very Confinement giving him both a Liberty and Protection to act. For, coming Home from *Weymouth*, upon his Parole, he had the Opportunity to travel freely, without fear of being ſtopped, and taken up: And being newly removed from *Sherborne* to *Trent*, the jealous Eye of *Somerſetſhire* Potentates had ſcarce then found out, whoſe male-volent Aſpect afterwards ſeldom ſuffered him to live at Home, and too too often furniſhed his Houſe with very unwelcome Gueſts. Others, who contributed their Aſſiſtance, were Perſons of both Sexes, and of very different Conditions and Qualities: And although their Endeavours often proved ſucceſsleſs, though they had received Diſcouragements on one Hand, were terrified with Threats on the other; that a Seal of Silence ſhould be imprinted upon the Lips of Women, who are become proverbial for their Garrulity; that Faithfulneſs and Conſtancy ſhould guard the Hearts of Servants, who are uſually corrupted with Rewards, or affrighted with Puniſhments; that neither

Hope nor Fear (moſt powerful Paſſions, heightened by capital Animadverſions proclaimed againſt all that ſhould conceal, and large Remunerations promiſed to ſuch as ſhould diſcover the King) could work nothing upon any ſingle Perſon, ſo as to remove him or her from their reſpective Duty, but that all ſhould harmoniouſly concenter, both in the Deſign, and alſo afterward keep them ſo long cloſe ſhut up under the Lock of Secrecy, that nothing could be diſcovered by the moſt exquiſite Art and Cunning, till the bleſſed Reſtauration of His Majeſty to His glorious Throne, ſo filled their Hearts with Joy, that it broke open the Door of their Lips, and let their Tongue loſe to tell this Miracle to the amazed World, would (were not the Perſons yet alive, and the Story freſh in Memory) ratify it into a Romance.

THE Reproaches and Scandals, by which ſome envious Perſons have ſought to diminiſh and vilify the faithful Services, which the Colonel, out of the Integrity of his Soul, performed unto His Majeſty, ſhall not here be mentioned; becauſe by taking up Dirt to beſpatter him, they defile their own Hands, and the Gun they level at his

his Reputation, recoils to the wounding of their own.

THESE Things thus premiſed, by Way of Introduction, open the Gate, through which you may enter, and in the enſuing Pages (as in ſeveral Tables) take a full View of the Particulars.

THE Diſguiſe His Majeſty put on, ſecured him from the Cruelty of His Enemies, but could not altogether hide Him from the prying Eyes of his dutiful Subjects. For in the Time of His Stay at *Leigh*, one *John Pope*, (then Butler to Sir *George Norton*, but formerly a Soldier for the King in the Weſt) through all thoſe Clouds eſpied the moſt illuſtrious Perſon of the King. With him His Majeſty (after He ſaw Himſelf diſcovered) was pleaſed familiarly to diſcourſe; and ſpeaking of the great Sufferings of very many of His Friends in the Weſtern Parts (moſt whereof were well known to *Pope*) His Majeſty enquired if he knew Colonel *Francis Wyndham*, who, (in the Time of the late Wars) was Governour of *Dunſter*-Caſtle? Very well, Sir, anſwered *Pope*. The King then demanding what was become of him? *Pope* replies, that the Colonel had married Mrs.

*Ann Gerrard*, one of the Daughters and Heireſſes of *Thomas Gerrard*, Eſq; late of *Trent* in *Somerſetſhire*, and that he had newly brought thither his Mother, (the Lady *Wyndham*) his Wife and Family; and that he believed the Colonel intended there to reſide and live. His Majeſty having received this Intelligence concerning the Colonel, together with an exact Information of the Situation of *Trent*, ſought an Opportunity to ſpeak with Mrs. *Lane*, (from whom the better to conceal Himſelf, He then kept at a diſtance) and by means of Mr. *Laſſels*, (who accompanied the King in this Journey) obtaining his Deſire, His Majeſty, with much Contentment imparted to Mrs. *Lane* what *Pope* had informed Him concerning Colonel *Wyndham*, and his Habitation; telling her withal, that if ſhe could bring him thither, He ſhould not doubt of His Safety.

IN this very Point of Time comes the Lord *Henry Wilmot*, afterwards Earl of *Rocheſter*, from *Dirham* in *Glouceſterſhire*, the Seat of *John Winter*, Eſq; a Perſon of known Loyalty and Integrity, to *Leigh*. My Lord had attended His Majeſty in His Paſſage Weſtward, and on *Friday* Morning, *September* the 13th, met accidentally Captain

tain *Thomas Abington*, of *Dowdſwell*, in the County of *Glouceſter*, at *Pinbury* Park; and being known by the Captain, who had ſerved under him in the late Wars, was that Night by him conducted to Mr. *Winter's*, from whom his Lordſhip (as he hath often ſince acknowledged) received great Civilities. Mrs. *Lane* preſently reveals to the Lord *Wilmot* the King's Reſolution to remove to *Trent*; whereupon my Lord demanded of *Henry Rogers*, Mr. *Winter's* Servant, and his Lordſhip's Guide from *Dirham* to *Leigh*. Whether he knew *Trent*? He anſwered, that Colonel *Wyndham* and his Maſter had married two Siſters, and that he had often waited on his Maſter thither. Theſe Things ſo happily concurring, His Majeſty commanded the Lord *Wilmot* to haſte to *Trent*, and to aſcertain the Colonel of his ſpeedy Approach.

His Lordſhip took Leave, and continuing *Rogers* for his Guide, with one *Robert Swan*, arrived at *Trent* the ſixteenth of *September*. *Rogers* was ſent in forthwith to the Colonel, to acquaint him, that a Gentleman, a Friend of his, deſired the Favour of him, that he would pleaſe to ſtep forth and ſpeak with him. The Colonel enquiring of *Rogers* whether he knew

the Gentleman or his Buſineſs? anſwered, No, he underſtood nothing at all, but only that he was called by the Name of Mr. *Morton*. Then without farther Diſcourſe, the Colonel came forth, and found the Gentleman walking near the Stable; whom, as ſoon as he approached, although it was ſomewhat dark, he ſaluted by the Title of, My Lord *Wilmot*. His Lordſhip ſeemed to wonder that he ſhould be known; but it was nothing ſtrange, conſidering the Colonel's former Acquaintance with him, being one of the firſt that engaged under his Command in His late Majeſty's Service. Beſides, his Lordſhip was not in the leaſt altered, except a Hawk on his Fiſt, and a Lure by his Side might paſs for a Diſguiſe. This Confidence of his Lordſhip really begat Admiration in the Colonel, calling to mind the great Danger he was in, and whoſe Harbinger he was; for he advertiſed the Colonel, that the King Himſelf was on His Way to *Trent*, intending that very Night to lodge at *Caſtle-Cary*, (a Town ſix Miles thence) hoping, by God's Aſſiſtance to be with him about Ten of the Clock next Morning.

At this joyful News the Colonel was tranſported, (there having run a Report, that

that His Majeſty was ſlain in the Fight at *Worceſter*) and giving God Thanks for his wonderful Mercy, he aſſured his Lordſhip, *That for His Majeſty's Preſervation he would value neither his Life, Family nor Fortune, and would never injure His Majeſty's Confidence of him; not doubting, but that God, who had led his Majeſty through the midſt of ſuch inexpreſſible Dangers, would deliver Him from all thoſe barbarous Threats, and bloody Intentions of His Enemies.* With theſe and ſuch like Expreſſions, the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* into his Parlour, where he received an exact Account of His Majeſty's Condition and preſent Affairs.

NEXT Morning the Colonel found it neceſſary to acquaint the Lady *Wyndham*, his Mother, and alſo his own Lady, with the Particulars the Lord *Wilmot* had over Night imparted to him, concerning the King. The Relation he gave them, did not (through the Weakneſs of their Sex) bring upon them any womaniſh Paſſion, but ſurprized with Joy, they moſt cheerfully reſolve, without the leaſt Shew of Fear, to hazard all, for the Safety of the King. And ſo (begging God's Bleſſing upon their ſincere Endeavours) they contrive how His Majeſty

Majeſty might be brought into the Houſe, without any Suſpicion to their Family, conſiſting of above 20 Perſons. Among them, therefore Mrs. *Julian Coningsly* (the Lady *Wyndham*'s Niece) *Elianor Withers*, *Joan Halſenoth*, and *Henry Peters*, (whoſe Loyalty to the King, and Fidelity to themſelves, they had ſufficiently experienced) are made privy to their Deſign. Next they conſider what Chambers are fitteſt for His Majeſty's Reception. Four are made choice of; amongſt which the Lady *Wyndham*'s was counted moſt convenient for the Day-time, where the Servants might wait with more Freedom upon His Majeſty. Then a ſafe Place is provided to retreat unto, in caſe of Search, or imminent Danger. And laſtly, Employments are deſigned to remove all others out of the Way at the Inſtant of His Majeſty's Arrival. All which, after a while, anſwered their Deſires, even beyond their Expectation.

BETWEEN nine and ten the next Morning, the Colonel and his Lady walking towards the Fields adjoining to the Houſe, eſpied the King riding before Mrs. *Lane*, and Mr. *Laſſels* in their Company. Aſſoon as His Majeſty came near the Colonel, He called to him, *Frank, Frank, how doſt thou do?*

*do?* By which gracious Pleaſance the Colonel perceiv'd, that though his Majeſty's Habit and Countenance were much changed, yet his heroic Spirit was the ſame, and His Mind immutable. The Colonel (to avoid the jealous Eyes of ſome Neighbours) inſtantly conveyed the King and Mrs. *Lane* into the Lady *Wyndham*'s Chamber, where the Paſſions of Joy and Sorrow did a while combat in them, who beheld His ſacred Perſon. For what loyal Eye could look upon ſo glorious a Prince thus eclipſed, and not pay unto Him the Homage of Tears? But the Conſideration of His Majeſty's Safety, the gracious Words of His own Mouth confuting the ſad Reports of his untimely Death, together with the Hope of his future Preſervation, ſoon dried them up. In a ſhort Time the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* to the King, and then the Ladies withdrew into the Parlour, having firſt agreed to call Mrs. *Lane* Couſin, and to entertain her with the ſame Familiarity as if ſhe had been their neareſt Relation. That Day ſhe ſtayed at *Trent*, and the next Morning early Mr. *Laſſels* and ſhe departed.

His Majeſty, after He had refreſhed Himſelf, commanded the Colonel in the Preſence

Preſence of the Lord *Wilmot*, to propoſe, what Way he thought moſt probable for His Eſcape into *France*; for thither He deſired with all Speed to be tranſported. The Colonel (the King giving him this Opportunity) entertained and encouraged His Majeſty with this remarkable Paſſage of Sir *Thomas Wyndham* (his Father) *Who, not long before his Death, (in the Year* 1636*) called unto him his five Sons (having not ſeen them together in ſome Years before) and diſcourſed unto us* (ſaid he) *of the loving Peace and Proſperity this Kingdom hath enjoyed under its three laſt glorious Monarchs: Of the many Miſeries and Calamities which lay ſore upon our Anceſtors, by the ſeveral Invaſions and Conqueſts of foreign Nations, and likewiſe by inteſtine Inſurrections and Rebellions. And notwithſtanding the ſtrange Mutations and Changes in* England, *he ſhewed how it pleaſed God, in Love to our Nation, to preſerve an undoubted Succeſſion of Kings, to ſit on the Royal Throne. He mentioned the healing Conjunction of the two Houſes of* York *and* Lancaſter, *and the bleſſed Union of the two Crowns of* England *and* Scotland, *ſtopping up thoſe Fountains of Blood, which, by national Feuds and Quarrels, kept open, had like to have drowned the whole Iſland.*

*Iſland. He ſaid, he feared the beautiful Garment of Peace would ſhortly be torn in pieces through the Neglect of Magiſtrates, the General Corruption of Manners, and the Prevalence of a puritanical Faction, which, (if not prevented) would undermine the very Pillars of Government. My Sons! we have hitherto ſeen ſerene and quiet Times; but now prepare your ſelves for cloudy and troubleſome. I command you to honour and obey our Gracious Sovereign, and in all Times to adhere to the Crown; and though the Crown ſhould hang upon a Buſh, I charge you forſake it not. Theſe Words being ſpoken with much Earneſtneſs, both in Geſture and Manner extraordinary, he roſe from his Chair, and left us in a deep Conſultation what the Meaning ſhould be of* The Crown hanging upon a Buſh. *Theſe Words, Sir,* (ſaid the Colonel) *made ſo firm an Impreſſion on all our Breaſts, that the many Afflictions of theſe ſad Times cannot raze out their undelible Characters. Certainly, theſe are the Days which my Father pointed out in that Expreſſion; and I doubt not, God hath brought me through ſo many Dangers, that I might ſhew my ſelf both a dutiful Son, and a loyal Subject, in faithfully endeavouring*

*ing to ſerve your ſacred Majeſty, in this your greateſt Diſtreſs.*

AFTER this Rehearſal, the Colonel (in Obedience to His Majeſty's Command) told the King, that Sir *John Strangways* (who had given many Teſtimonies of his Loyalty, having two Sons, both of them Colonels for his Royal Father) lived but four Miles from *Trent*, that he was a Perſon of great Fortune and Intereſt in *Dorſetſhire*, and therefore he ſuppoſed that either Sir *John* or Sons might be ſerviceable to His Majeſty's Occaſions. The King in Proſecution of this Propoſal commanded the Colonel to wait on them; and accordingly the next Morning he went over to *Melbury*, the Place where Sir *John* dwelt. No ſooner was he come thither, but he met with Colonel *Giles Strangways*, and after uſual Salutations, they walked into the Park adjoining to the Houſe, where Colonel *Wyndam* imparted the Reaſon and End of his preſent Viſit. Colonel *Strangways*'s Anſwer was, that he was infinitely grieved becauſe he was not able to ſerve His Majeſty in procuring a Veſſel according to Expectation; that he knew not any one Maſter of a Ship, or ſo much as one Mariner that he could truſt: All that were formerly

formerly of his Acquaintance in *Weymouth*, being for their Loyalty baniſhed, and gone beyond the Sea; and in *Pool* and *Lime* he was a meer Stranger, having not one Confident in either. A hundred Pounds in Gold he delivered to Colonel *Wyndham*, to preſent to the King; which at his Return, by Command was depoſited in the Hands of the Lord *Wilmot*, for His Majeſty's Uſe.

About this Time the Forces under *Cromwell* were retreated from *Worceſter* into the ſeveral Quarters of the Country; ſome of which coming to *Trent*, proclaimed the Overthrow of the King's Army, and the Death of the King, giving out, that he was certainly killed; and one of them affirmed that he ſaw him dead, and that he was buried among the reſt of the ſlain, no Injury being offered to his Body, becauſe he was a valiant Soldier, and a gallant Man. This welcome News ſo tickled the Sectaries, that they could not hold from expreſſing their Joy by making Bonfires, firing of Guns, Drinking and other Jollities; and for a Cloſe of all, to the Church they muſt, and there ring the King's Knell. Theſe rude Extravagancies moved not his Majeſty at all, but only (as if he were more trou-

bled for their Madneſs, than his own Misfortune) to this moſt Chriſtian and compaſſionate Expreſſion, *Alas, poor People!*

NOW, though the King valued not the Menaces of his proud Enemies, being confident they could do him no Hurt; yet he neglected not to try the Faithfulneſs of his Friends to convoy him out of their Reach. Thus the former Deſign proving unſucceſsful, and all Hope of Transfretation that Way being laid aſide, the Colonel acquainted his Majeſty, that one Captain *William Elleſden* of *Lime*, (formerly well known unto him) with his Brother *John Elleſden*, (by Means of Colonel *Bullen Reymes* of *Wadden*, in *Dorſetſhire*) had conveyed over into *France* Sir *John Berkley* (afterward Lord *Berkley*) in a Time of Danger. To this Captain therefore his Majeſty ſends the Colonel, who lodging at his Houſe in *Lime*, took an Opportunity to tell him, that the Lord *Wilmot* had made his Eſcape from *Worceſter*; that he lay privately near to him; and that his Lordſhip had earneſtly ſollicited him to uſe his utmoſt Endeavours to ſecure him from the Hands of the Purſuers. To this Purpoſe he was come to Town, and aſſured the Captain, if he would join in this Affair, his Courteſy

ſhould

ſhould never be forgotten. The Captain very cordially embraced the Motion, and went with the Colonel to *Charmouth*, (a little Place near *Lime*) where at an Inn, he brought to him a Tenant of his, one *Stephen Limbry*, aſſuring the Colonel, that he was a right honeſt Man, and a perfect Royaliſt. With this *Limbry* Colonel *Wyndham* treated under the Name of Captain *Norris*, and agreed with him to tranſport himſelf and three or four Friends into *France*. The Conditions of their Agreement were; that before the two and twentieth Day of that Inſtant *September*, *Limbry* ſhould bring his Veſſel into *Charmouth*-Road, and on the ſaid two and twentieth, in the Night, ſhould receive the Colonel and his Company into the Long-Boat from the Beach near *Charmouth*, from thence carry them to his Ship, and ſo land them ſafe in *France*. This the Colonel conjured *Limbry* to perform with all Secreſy, becauſe all the Paſſengers were of the Royal Party, and intended to be ſhipped without Leave, to avoid ſuch Oaths and Engagements, which otherwiſe would be forced upon them; and therefore Privacy in this Tranſaction would free him from Danger, and themſelves from Trouble, the

true Cauſe why they ſo earneſtly thirſted (for ſome Time) to leave their native Country. *Limbry*'s Salary was ſixty Pounds, which the Captain engaged to pay at his Return from *France*, upon Sight of a Certificate under the Paſſengers Hands of their landing there. To the Performance of theſe Covenants, *Limbry*, with many Vows and Proteſtations obliging himſelf, the Colonel with much Satisfaction and Speed, came back to his Majeſty and the Lord *Wilmot* to *Trent*, who, at the Narration of theſe Paſſages expreſſed no ſmall Contentment.

THE Buſineſs being thus far ſucceſsfully laid, the King conſults how it might be prudentially managed, that ſo there might be no Miſcarriage in the Proſecution. Neceſſary it was that his Majeſty and all his Attendants (contrary to the Uſe of Travellers) ſhould ſit up all the Night in the Inn at *Charmouth*; that they ought to have the Command of the Houſe, to go in and out at Pleaſure, the Tide not ſerving till twelve at Night. To remove therefore all Suſpicion and Inconveniencies, this Expedient was found out.

*HENRY Peters* (Colonel *Wyndham*'s Servant) was ſent to *Charmouth* Inn, who inviting the Hoſteſs to drink a Glaſs of Wine,

Wine, told her, that he ſerved a very gallant Maſter, who had long, moſt affectionately loved a Lady in *Devon*, and had the Happineſs to be well beloved by her; and though her Equal in Birth and Fortune, yet ſo unequal was his Fate, that by no Means could he obtain her Friends Conſent: And therefore it was agreed between them, that he ſhould carry her thence, and marry her among his own Allies. And for this Purpoſe his Maſter had ſent him to deſire her to keep the beſt Chambers for him, intending to be at her Houſe upon the two and twentieth Day of that Month in the Evening, where he reſolved not to lodge, but only to refreſh himſelf and Friends, and ſo travel on either that Night, or very early next Morning. With this Love-Story (thus contrived and acted) together with a Preſent delivered by *Peters* from his Maſter, the Hoſteſs was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe promiſed him, her Houſe and Servants ſhould be at his Maſter's Command. All which ſhe very juſtly performed.

When the Day appointed for Majeſty's Journey to *Charmouth* was come, he was pleaſed to ride before Mrs. *Julian Coningſby*, (the Lady *Wyndham*'s Niece), as formerly before Mrs. *Lane*. The Colonel was his Ma-

jeſty's Guide, whilſt the Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* kept at a convenient Diſtance, that they might not ſeem to be all of one Company.

IN this Manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain *Elleſden*, and by him conducted to a private Houſe of his Brother's among the Hills near *Charmouth*. There his Majeſty was pleaſed to diſcover himſelf to the Captain, and to give him a Piece of foreign Gold, in which in his ſolitary Hours he made a Hole to put a Ribbon in. Many like Pieces his Majeſty vouchſafed the Colonel and his Lady, to be kept as Records of his Majeſty's Favour, and of their own Fidelity to his moſt ſacred Perſon in the Day of his greateſt Trial. All which they have moſt thankfully treaſured up as the chiefeſt Jewels of their Family.

THIS Royal Company from thence came to the Inn at *Charmouth*, a little after Night, where Captain *Elleſden* ſolemnly engaging to ſee the Maſter of the Ship ready, (the Wind blowing then fair for *France*) took Leave of his Majeſty. About an Hour after came *Limbry* to the Inn, and aſſured the Colonel all Things were prepared, and that about Midnight his Long-Boat ſhould wait at the Place appointed. The ſet Hour drawing nigh

nigh, the Colonel with *Peters*, went to the Sea-ſide (leaving his Majeſty and the Lord *Wilmot* in a Poſture to come upon Call) where they remained all Night expecting; but ſeeing no Long-Boat, neither hearing any Meſſage from the Maſter of the Ship, at the Break of Day the Colonel returns to the Inn, and beſeeches the King and the Lord *Wilmot* to haſte from thence. His Majeſty was intreated; but the Lord *Wilmot* was deſirous to ſtay behind a little, promiſing to follow the King to *Bridport*, where his Majeſty intended to make a Halt for him.

When the King was gone, the Lord *Wilmot* ſent *Peters* into *Lime*, to demand of Captain *Elleſden*, the Reaſon why *Limbry* broke his Promiſe, and forfeited his Word? He ſeemed much ſurprized with this Meſſage, and ſaid, he knew no Reaſon, except it being a fair Day, the Seamen were drunk in taking their Farewel; and withal adviſed his Lordſhip to be gone, becauſe his Stay there could not be ſafe. But ſince that, *Limbry* himſelf hath given this Account under his own Hand:——

That according to an Agreement made at *Charmouth*, *September* the 19th, 1651, betwixt himſelf and one Captain *Norris*, (ſince

(ſince known to be Colonel *Francis Wyndham*) he put forth the Ship beyond the *Cobs-mouth* into *Charmouth-Road*, where his Servants on the 22d of the ſame Month were all ready in her, waiting his coming; that he going to his Houſe about ten that Night, for Linnen to carry with him, was unexpectedly locked into a Chamber by his Wife, to whom he had a little before revealed his intended Voyage with ſome Paſſengers into *France*, for whoſe Tranſportation, at his Return, he was to receive a conſiderable Sum of Money from Captain *Elleſden*.

THIS Woman, it ſeems, was frighted into a pannick Fear by that dreadful *Proclamation* (of the 10th of *September*) ſet out by the *Men of Weſtminſter*, and publiſhed that Day at *Lime*. In this a heavy Penalty was thundered out againſt all that ſhould conceal the King, or any of his Party, who were at *Worceſter* Fight; and a Reward of a Thouſand Pounds promiſed to any that ſhould betray him. She, apprehending the Perſons her Husband engaged to carry over to be Royaliſts, reſolved to ſecure him from Danger, by making him a Priſoner in his own Chamber. All the Perſuaſions he uſed for his Liber-

ty

ty were in vain; for the more he intreated, the more her violent Paſſion increaſed, breaking forth into ſuch Clamours and Lamentations, that he feared if he ſhould any longer contend, both himſelf and the Gentlemen he promiſed to tranſport, would be caſt away in this Storm, without ever going to Sea.

THUS a Deſign in a Buſineſs of the higheſt Nature, and carried on with Induſtry and Prudence, even to the very laſt, ſtill promiſing full Hope of a happy Production, by one Man's ſingle Whiſper (the Bane of Action) proved abortive. For, no Doubt, had *Limbry* kept his Council, he had gained the Honour of conveying over his Majeſty; of whoſe noble Courage and Virtue, God was pleaſed to make yet farther Trial, as the Sequel will inform.

THE King paſſing on upon *London*-Road from *Charmouth*, met many Travellers, among whom was one of his Father's Servants, well known both to his Majeſty and the Colonel; who were very well pleaſed that he was not guilty of ſo much Civility, as to give either of them the Compliment of a Salutation. As they drew near to *Bridport*, the Colonel riding a little before, and

and entering the Town, perceived it full of Soldiers; whereupon ſtopping his Horſe till the King came up, he intreated his Majeſty to keep on, and by no Means to put himſelf into the Mouth of them, who gaped greedily after his Deſtruction. Nevertheleſs, the King having engaged to the Lord *Wilmot*, to expect him there, (without the leaſt Apprehenſion of Danger) rode into the *George*, and alighting in the Court, was forced to ſtay there, and in the Stable, near half an Hour, before the Colonel could procure a Chamber. All this While his bloody Enemies were his only Companions, with whom he diſcourſed freely without Fear, and learned from them their intended Voyage for *Jerſey* and *Guernſey*, and their Deſign upon thoſe Iſlands. Here may you ſee the Purſuers overtaken, and the bittereſt of Enemies friendly diſcourſing with him, whoſe utter Ruin they accounted would compleat their Happineſs. He that ſate in Heaven, certainly laughed them to Scorn, and by the Interpoſition of his mighty Arm eclipſed their Glory, and by his admirable Wiſdom reproved and confuted their Malice againſt the King, and their Blaſphemies againſt Heaven.

No ſooner had the King withdrawn himſelf from this dangerous Company, into a Chamber, (with much Difficulty obtained) acquainted his Majeſty, that the Lord *Wilmot* humbly petitioned him to make Haſte out of that Place, and to overtake him ſlowly paſſing on the Road, and waiting his Majeſty's coming. Preſently upon the Diſmiſſion of *Peters*, the King having taken ſome ſmall Repaſt, not far from the Town joined in Company again with the Lord *Wilmot*, and diſcourſing of the ſeveral Adventures of that hopeful, and (as it fell out) moſt perilous Journey, concluded that *London*-Road was very unſafe, and therefore reſolved to follow the next Turning which might probably lead towards *Yeavill*, or *Sherborn*, neither of which is computed to be above two Miles diſtant from *Trent*. Providence (the beſt of Guides) directed theſe Strangers (for ſo they were all in thoſe Parts) to a Way, which after many Hours Travel brought them into a Village, in which was a ſmall Inn for Entertainment. Thus entered theſe maſked Travellers, to enquire where they were. And to this Purpoſe calling for ſome Beer, the Hoſt of the Houſe (one *Rice Jones*) came forth, and informed

ed them, that the Place was called *Broad-windſor*. The Colonel knew the Innkeeper and his Wife to be very honeſt, loyal Perſons, and that for their Fidelity to the King and his Party, they had (according to their Condition) undergone their Share of Troubles. The King underſtanding the Affection of the People, reſolves to lodge in the Houſe that Night, it being already ſomewhat dark, and his Majeſty, and Company, ſufficiently wearied with their former Night's Watching, and that Day's Travel. The Colonel (while the Horſes were put up) deſired Mr. *Jones* to ſhew him the moſt private Rooms; the Reaſon he gave was, becauſe his Brother-in-Law, Colonel *Reymes* (whom the Lord *Wilmot* perſonated) had been a long Time impriſoned as well as himſelf; that they had lately obtained their Paroles, and to be ſeen together ſo far from their Homes might create new Jealouſies, and ſo conſequently cruſh them with new Troubles. The good Hoſt upon this, brought them up into the higheſt Chambers, where Privateneſs recompenſed the Meanneſs of the Accommodation, and the Pleaſantneſs of the Hoſt (a merry Fellow) allayed and mitigated the Wearineſs of the Gueſts. Now the Face of

of Things began to ſmile, which all the Day and Night preceding, looked ſo louring and ill-favoured: But this ſhort Calm was on a ſudden interrupted by a violent Storm. For in comes the Conſtable with almoſt forty Soldiers to be billeted that very Night in the Inn; all the lower Receptacles were thronged up with this unexpected Company; ſo that the King was in a Manner beſieged, there being no Paſſage, from above, but through thoſe ſuſpected Guards. Thus every Place brought forth its Troubles, and every Period of Time diſcloſed freſh Dangers! Shortly after the Soldiers had taken up their Quarters, a Woman in their Company fell into Labour in the Kitchen. The Pangs ſhe endured, made the Inhabitants of that Place very ill at Eaſe, fearing leſt the whole Pariſh ſhould become the reputed Father, and be enforced to keep the Child. To avoid this Charge, the chiefeſt of the Pariſh poſt to the Inn, between whom, and the Soldiers, aroſe a very hot Conflict, concerning Proviſion to be made for the Mother and the Infant. This Diſpute continued till ſuch Time as (according to Orders) they were to march to the Sea-Side. This quarrelſome Goſſipping was a moſt ſeaſonable Diverſion, exerciſing the Minds

of thoſe troubleſome Fellows, who otherwiſe were likely to have proved too too inquiſitive after the Gueſts in the Houſe; the ſad Conſequences of which, every loyal Heart trembles to think on.

SURELY we cannot, except we wilfully ſhut our own Eyes, but clearly ſee, and with all Reverence and Thankfulneſs adore the divine Goodneſs for his Majeſty's ſignal Deliverances in this Voyage: Eſpecially if, looking back upon *Charmouth*, we conſider the Dangers that threaten'd him, occaſioned by the Lord *Wilmot*'s ſhort Stay there, after the King's Departure; for one *Hamnet*, a Smith, being call'd to ſhoe his Lordſhip's Horſe, ſaid, he well knew by the Faſhion of the Shoes, that they were never ſet in the Weſt, but in the North. The Hoſtler, a Bird of the ſame Feather, hearing this, began to tell, what Company had been there; how they ſat up, and kept their Horſes ſaddled all the Night: And from hence they conclude, that either the King, or ſome great Perſons had certainly been at the Inn. The Hoſtler, whoſe Heart was ſoured againſt the King, runs preſently to one *Weſtly*, of the ſame Leaven, then Miniſter of *Charmouth*, to inform him of theſe Paſſages, and, to aſk Counſel what was

was to done. This *Weſtley*, was at his Morning Exerciſe, and being ſomething long-winded, *and by the Way it may be obſerved, that long Prayers proceeding from a traiterous Heart, once did good, but by Accident only*, the Hoſtler unwilling to loſe his Reward, at the Gentleman's taking Horſe, returns without doing his Errand. As ſoon as my Lord was mounted and gone, *Hamnet* tells *Weſtley* of the Diſcourſe between him and the Hoſtler. Away comes *Weſtley* upon full Speed to the Inn, and almoſt out of Breath, asks the Woman of the Houſe, what Gueſts ſhe had entertained that Night? She ſaid, they were all Strangers to her, ſhe knew them not. I tell you then, ſaid he, one of them was the King. Then haſtily turning away from her, he and *Hamnet* ran to Mr. *Butler* of *Commer*, then Juſtice of Peace, to have diſpatched abroad his Warrants to raiſe the Country for the apprehending of the King, and thoſe Perſons, the laſt Night, with him at *Charmouth*: But he ſpends his Mouth in vain, a deaf Ear is turned upon him, no Warrant would be iſſued forth. This Check given to his Zeal ſo vexed him, that it had like to have cauſed a Suffocation, had not Captain *Maſſey*, as errant a Hotſpur as himſelf, given it

Vent by raiſing a Party, and purſuing the King upon *London*-Road. But God preſerved his Majeſty by diverting him to *Broadwindſor*, whilſt *Maſſey* and his hot-mettled Company out-ran their prey as far as *Dorcheſter*. And indeed, the Report of the King's being at *Charmouth*, was grown ſo common, that the Soldiers, lying in thoſe Parts, ſearched the Houſes of ſeveral Gentlemen who were accounted Royaliſts, thinking to ſurprize him. Amongſt which, *Piliſdon*, the Houſe of Sir *Hugh Wyndham*, Uncle to Colonel *Francis Wyndham*, was twice rifled. They took the old Baronet, his Lady, Daughters and whole Family, and ſet a Guard upon them in the Hall, whilſt, they examine every Corner, not ſparing either trunk or Box. Then taking a particular View of their Priſoners, they ſeize a lovely young Lady, ſaying, ſhe was the King diſguiſed in Woman's Apparel. At length being convinced of their groſs and rude Miſtake, they deſiſted from offering any further Violence to that Family. And here it is much to be obſerved, that the ſame Day the King went from *Charmouth*, Captain *Eleſden* came to *Piliſdon*, and enquired of Sir *Hugh* and his Lady, for the King

King and Colonel, confidently affirming, that they muſt needs be there.

His Majeſty having with an Evenneſs of Spirit, gotten through this rough Paſſage, ſafely anchor'd at *Broadwindſor*, where at length enjoying ſome Reſt, he commands the Colonel to give his Opinion what Courſe was to be taken, as the Face of Affairs then looked. The Colonel (ſeeing Forces drawn every where upon that Shore) thought it very hazardous to attempt any Thing more in *Dorſetſhire*; and therefore humbly beſought His Majeſty, that he would be pleaſed to retreat to *Trent*: He hoped His Majeſty was already ſatisfied in the Fidelity of his Servants; and that he doubted not, His Majeſty might lie ſecurely in that Creek, 'till it was fair Weather, and a good Seaſon to put forth to Sea. He humbly adviſed, that *Peters* might conduct the Lord *Wilmot* to Mr. *Hunt*'s Houſe at the *King's-Arms* in *Sarum*, where he and many of his Friends had been ſheltered in the Time of Troubles. That *Peters* (being at *Sarum*) ſhould by a private Token bring his Lordſhip to Mr. *John Coventry*, (his Kinſman) a Perſon noble, wiſe, and loyal, with whom he had kept Intelligence in Order to the King's Service, ever ſince His

Majeſty had ſet Foot in *Scotland*; that he was aſſured Mr. *Coventry* would think himſelf highly honoured to correſpond in this matchleſs Employment, *The King's Preſervation*. He deſired the Lord *Wilmot* to be confident of lying concealed; and likewiſe to treat with Mr *Coventry*, and by *Peters* to return His Majeſty an Account how he found that Gentleman affected towards this Service.

THIS Counſel being well reliſhed and approved, it was reſolved, that between *Sarum* and *Trent*, (lying thirty Miles diſtant, and better) an Intercourſe ſhould be kept by truſty Meſſengers, and a ſecret Way of writing, to avoid Danger in caſe of Interception. All Things being thus concluded, the King left his jovial Hoſt at *Broadwinſor*, and returned with the Colonel and Mrs. *Coningsby* to *Trent*. The Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* went that Night to *Sherborn*, and the next Morning was waited on by *Swan*, who attended his Lordſhip to the Colonel's, and that Day got into *Sarum*, where he ſoon ſaluted Mr. *Coventry*, in all Things fully anſwering his Lordſhip's Expectation: And the 25th of *September*, *Peters* was ſent back with this joyful Meſſage from the Lord *Wilmot* to his Majeſty

Majeſty; that he doubted not, by Mr. *Coventry*'s Aſſiſtance, and thoſe recommended by him, to be able in ſome ſhort Time to effect his Deſires.

Whilst his ſacred Majeſty enjoys his Peace at *Trent*, and the Lord *Wilmot*, with thoſe other Worthies, is buſied at *Sarum*, to produce its Continuation: It cannot be impertinent to mention a Circumſtance or two, which inſerted in the midſt of the Web and Texture of this Story, would have looked unhandſome, but added as a Fringe, may prove ornamental.

Upon the *Sunday* Morning after the King came to *Trent*, a Taylor of the Pariſh informed the Colonel, that the Zealots, which ſwarmed in that Place, diſcourſed over Night, that Perſons of Quality were hid in his Houſe, and that they intended to ſearch and ſeize them; and therefore he deſired the Colonel, if any ſuch there were, to convey them thence, to avoid Surpriſal. The Colonel, rewarding the good Man for his Care and Kindneſs towards himſelf and Family, told him, that his Kinſman, meaning the Lord *Wilmot*, was not private, but public in his Houſe, for ſo his Lordſhip pleaſed to be, and that he believed he would ſhew himſelf in the Church, at the Time of Prayers.

Prayers. When the honeſt Fellow was gone, the Colonel acquaints the King what paſſed between himſelf and the Taylor, and withal, beſought his Majeſty to perſuade the Lord *Wilmot* to accompany him to Church, thinking by this Means, not only to leſſen the Jealouſy, but alſo to gain the good Opinion of ſome of the Fanaticks, who would be apt to believe, that the Colonel was rather brought to Church by my Lord, than his Lordſhip by the Colonel, who ſeldom came to that Place, ſince Faction and Rebellion had juſtled out, and kept Poſſeſſion againſt Peace and Religion. He alledged moreover, that he ſat in an Ile diſtinct from the Body of the Congregation, ſo that the Pariſhioners could not take a full View of any of his Company. Theſe Reaſons, joined with his Majeſty's Command, prevailed with his Lordſhip; and though he thought it a bold Adventure, yet, it not only allayed the Fury, but alſo took out the very Sting of thoſe Waſps; inſomuch, that they, who the laſt Night talked of nothing but ſearching, began now to ſay, that *Cromwell*'s late Succeſs againſt the King, had made the Colonel a Convert.

ALL being now quiet about Home, the Colonel's Lady, under a Pretence of a Viſit, goes over to *Sherborn*, to hear what News there was abroad of the King. And towards Evening, at her Return, a Troop of Horſe clapt privately into the Town. This ſilent Way of entering their Quarters, in ſo triumphant a Time, gave a ſtrong alarm to this careful Lady, whoſe Thoughts were much troubled concerning her Royal Gueſt. A Stop ſhe made to hearken out what brought them thither, and whither they were bound: But not one Grain of Intelligence could be procured by the moſt induſtrious Enquiry. When ſhe came Home, ſhe gave his Majeſty an Account of many Stories, which like flying Clouds, were blown about by the Breath of the People, ſtriving to cover her Trouble with the Vail of Chearfulneſs. But this the King perceiving to be rather forced than free, as at other Times, was earneſt to know the Cauſe of her Diſcompoſure. And to ſatisfy his Majeſty's Importunity, ſhe gave him a full Relation of the Troop at *Sherborn*: At which his Majeſty laughed moſt heartily, as if he had not been in the leaſt concerned. Yet, upon a ſerious Debate of the Matter, the Colonel

lonel and his Lady ſupplicated the King to take a View of his privy Chamber, into which he was perſuaded to enter, but came preſently forth again, much pleaſed, that upon the leaſt Approach of Danger, he could thither retreat with an Aſſurance of Security. All that Night the Colonel kept ſtrict Watch in his Houſe, and was the more vigilant, becauſe he underſtood from *Sherborn*, that the Troop intended not to Quarter there, but only to refreſh themſelves and march. And accordingly (not ſo much as looking towards *Trent*) about two of the Clock the next Morning, they removed towards the Sea-Coaſt. This Fear being over, the King reſted all the Time of his Stay at *Trent*, without ſo much as the Apprehenſion of a Diſturbance.

THE Strangeneſs of which will be much increaſed by the Addition of what a Captain who ſerved under *Cromwell*, at *Worceſter*, reported to two Divines of undoubted Veracity, long before the King's bleſſed Reſtauration: That he was followed and troubled with Dreams for three Nights together, that the King was hid at *Trent*, near *Sherborn*, in a Houſe nigh to which ſtood a Grove, or patch of Trees, and that thither he ſhould go and find Him.

This

This Suggeſtion thus reiterated, was a powerful Spur to prick him forwards: But the Hand which held the Reins, and kept him back, was irreſiſtible.

Now the Hands of his Majeſty's Enemies were not only reſtrained from doing him Evil, but the Hands of his Friends were ſtrengthened to do him Good. In Order to which, Colonel *Edward Philips* of *Montacute*, in the County of *Somerſet*, came from *Sarum*, to his Majeſty, *September* the 28th, with this Intelligence, that his Brother Colonel *Robert Philips* was employed to *Southampton* to procure a Veſſel, of whoſe Tranſaction his Majeſty ſhould receive a ſpeedy Account.

In the mean Time, Captain *Thomas Littleton*, a Neighbour of Colonel *Wyndham*, was diſpached up into *Hampſhire*, where by the Aid of Mr. *Standiſh*, he dealt with the Maſter of a Ship, who undertook to cary off the Lord *Wilmot*, and his Company, upon the Condition his Lordſhip would follow his Direction. But the Hope of Colonel *Philips's* his good Succeſs at *Hampton*, daſhed this Enterpriſe, and the Captain was remanded back to *Trent*, and to make no Progreſs till farther Orders.

Upon

UPON the first of *October*, Mr. *John Selliock*, Chaplain to Mr. *Coventry*, brought a Letter to his Majesty. In answer to which the King wrote back, that he desired all Dilligence might be used in providing a Vessel; and if it should prove difficult at *Hampton*, Trial should be made farther: That they should be ascertained of a Ship before they sent to remove him, that so he might run no more Hazards than what of Necessity he must meet with in his Passage from *Trent* to the Place of his Transportation.

OCTOBER the fifth, Colonel *Philips* came from the Lord *Wilmot* and Mr. *Coventry* to his Majesty with this Assurance, that all Things were ready; and that he had informed himself with the most private Ways, so that he might with greater Probability of Safety guide his Majesty to the Sea-side. As soon as the King heard this Message, he resolved upon his Journey. Colonel *Wyndham* earnestly petitions his Majesty, that he might wait on him to the Shore: But his Majesty gave no grant, saying, It was no Way necessary, and might prove very inconvenient. Upon the renewing this Request, the King demanded the contrary, but sweetned his Denial with this Promise, that if he were

were put to any Diſtreſs, he would again retreat to *Trent*.

About ten next Morning, *October* the ſixth, his Majeſty took leave of the old Lady *Wyndham*, the Colonel's Lady and Family, not omitting the meaneſt of them that ſerved him: But to the good old Lady he vouchſafed more than ordinary Reſpect, who recounted it her higheſt Honour, that ſhe had three Sons and one Grand-Child ſlain in the Defence of the Father, and that ſhe, herſelf, in her old Age had been inſtrumental in the Protection of the Son, both Kings of *England*.

Thus his ſacred Majeſty, taking Mrs. *Juliana Coningsby* behind him, attended by Colonel *Robert Philips*, and *Peters*, bad Farewel to *Trent*, the Ark in which God ſhut him up, when the Floods of Rebellion had covered the Face of his Dominions. Here he reſted nineteen Days, to give his faithful Servants Time to work his Deliverance: And the Almighty crowned their Endeavours with Succeſs, that his Majeſty might live to appear as Glorious in his Actions, as Couragious in his Sufferings.

*FINIS.*

## By the *Parliament.*

**A Proclamation for the Diſcovery and Apprehending CHARLES STUART, and other Traytors, his Adherents and Abettors.**

*WHEREAS, CHARLES STUART, Son to the late Tyrant, with divers of the* Engliſh *and* Scottiſh *Nation, have lately, in traitorous and hoſtile Manner, with an Army, invaded this Nation, which, by the Bleſſing of God upon the Forces of this Common-wealth, have been defeated, and many of the chief Actors therein ſlain, and taken Priſoners; but the ſaid* CHARLES STUART *is eſcaped: For the ſpeedy apprehending of ſuch a malicious and dangerous Traytor, to the Peace of this Common-wealth, the Parliament doth ſtraitly charge and command all Officers, as well Civil as Military, and all other the good People of this Nation, That they make diligent Search and Enquiry for the ſaid* CHARLES STUART, *and his Abettors, and Adherents in this Invaſion; and uſe their beſt Endeavours for the Diſcovery and Arreſting the Bodies of them, and every of them; and being apprehended, to bring and cauſe to be brought forthwith and without*

*out Delay, in ſafe Cuſtody, before the Parliament, or Council of State, to be proceeded with, and ordered, as Juſtice ſhall require: And if any Perſon ſhall knowingly conceal the ſaid* CHARLES STUART, *or any his Abettors or Adherents, or ſhall not reveal the Places of their Abode, or Being, if it be in their Power ſo to do, The Parliament doth declare, that they will hold them as Partakers and Abettors of their traiterous and wicked Practices and Deſigns: And the Parliament doth further publiſh and declare, That whoſoever ſhall apprehend the Perſon of the ſaid* CHARLES STUART, *and ſhall bring, or cauſe him to be brought to the Parliament, or Council of State, ſhall have given or beſtowed on him, or them, as a Reward for ſuch Service, the Sum of One Thouſand Pounds: And all Officers, Civil and Military, are required to be aiding and aſſiſting unto ſuch Perſon and Perſons therein. Given at* Weſtminſter *this Tenth Day of* September, *One Thouſand Six Hundred Fifty One.*

*Ordered by the Parliament, That this Proclamation be forthwith printed and publiſhed.*

Hen. Scobel, Cler. Parl.

*London*, Printed by *John Field*, Printer to the Parliament of *England*. 1651.

# A SUPPLEMENT TO *BOSCOBEL.*

THE foregoing Relation having brought his Majeſty ſafe into *France*, it may not now be improper to give a ſhort Recapitulation of the moſt memorable Tranſactions in *England*, till his happy Reſtoration. But we may firſt obſerve, that not one Diſſenter, or Fanatick, was any Way concerned in this wonderful Preſervation of his Majeſty; the firſt we have ſeen were *Roman* Catholicks, *viz.* Colonel *Giffard*, Colonel *Careleſs*, the four *Penderels*, and their Brother-in-law *Yates*, the Wife of this

this laſt; Mr. *Whitgrave* and his Mother; Mr. *Wolfe*, and Mr. *Hudleſton* the Prieſt, beſides others, whoſe Names have not been preſerv'd. That theſe were all *Roman* Catholicks, is undeniable; and their Families continue ſuch to this Day. Colonel *Careleſs* for his Fidelity, had his Name changed into *Carlos*, and an honourable Addition made to his Coat of Arms, as it has been before related: The *Penderels* and *Yates* had each an hundred Pounds a Year ſettled on them and their Heirs for ever: And Mr. *Hudleſton*, the Prieſt, had alſo an hundred Pounds *per Annum* allow'd him for his Life, and was by Name excepted in all Acts of Parliament made againſt Prieſts and *Roman* Catholicks, and particular Protection, as to the Point of Religion, was granted to the others concern'd in that Loyal Service to his Majeſty, when the reſt of the *Roman* Catholicks ſuffer'd for Conſcience Sake. From the Time of the King's being put into the Hands of Colonel *Lane*, all the reſt were ſincere Profeſſors of the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, as preſerv'd in its Purity, without the Innovations ſome have ſince labour'd to introduce, by blending its Principles with thoſe of all Sectaries, hoping thereby to make it a mere *Babel*, that

its

its true Flock may not be diſtinguiſhed from other ſpurious Herds, and that the Sheep and the Goats may be brought into the ſame Fold; to which End, many Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing have intruded themſelves, and thoſe Thieves, who could not get in at the Door, have broke in at the Windows. But it is eaſy to diſtinguiſh between Hypocriſy and true Religion; and tho' a counterfeit Zeal may for ſome Time ſerve to bring about wicked Deſigns, yet Juſtice will at laſt prevail, as may appear by this Relation; we will therefore proceed to what enſued after what has been above-mentioned.

*OLIVER Cromwell*, the famous Rebel-General, having, after the Battle of *Worceſter*, reduc'd *Scotland* by Force of Arms, an Union between the two Nations was preſently projected; and tho' the like had been in vain attempted in the Reign of King JAMES the Firſt, yet it was now brought about; and, by Conſent of the Rebels of both Nations, it was agreed, that *England* and *Scotland* ſhould be incorporated into one Common-wealth; as in Effect they were. Next *Cromwell*, who had ſecur'd the Army, compoſed of canting Hypocrites, the Officers being moſt Enthuſiaſtick

ſtick Preachers, and he their chief *Muſti*, turned out that infamous Aſſembly, which had ſo long aſſumed the Name of a Parliament, and picking out an hundred and forty-four Monſters as vile as the former, from the ſeveral Counties of *England*, being all outragious Fanaticks, put them into the Place of the others before expelled, where the firſt Thing they did, was to ſtile themſelves *The Parliament of* England. Then falling upon a thorough Reformation, they declar'd Prieſthood to be downright *Popery*: the paying of Tythes *Judaiſm*; the Laws of *England*, the Remains of the *Norman* Yoke; Schools and Colleges, Heathen Seminaries; and Nobility and Honours, contrary to Nature and Chriſtianity; all which they were for ſuppreſſing: and actually did aboliſh all Courts of Judicature, and appointed all Perſons to be married by Juſtices of the Peace.

HAVING thus run the Nation into the utmoſt Confuſion, they, as had been before concerted, ſet up *Cromwell* to tyrannize over the Nation by the Title of *Protector*, with more than regal Power, for they allow'd him a ſtanding Army of ten Thouſand Horſe, and fifteen Thouſand Foot. In the Year 1653, that *Uſurper* took the Govern-

Government upon him, and held it to his Death, which happened on the 3d of *September* 1659. During that Time the Nation ſuffered more, as is uſual under all *Uſurpers*, than it had ever done before, or did ſince, under the moſt pretended Arbitrarineſs of its rightful Monarchs. Yet ſuch is the Spirit of Rebellion, that no Examples of paſt Calamities are of Force to lay it; nor can Traytors ever be made ſenſible how much eaſier they are under the worſt of lawful Kings, than under the moſt indulgent of Intruders, any longer than the very Moment they groan under the inſupportable Burdens laid on them by the Hand of a Tyrant, whom they have unjuſtly thruſt into the Throne, thro' their own Malice and Folly, and whom Providence often ſuffers to ſit there long, for the Puniſhment of the Villains that raiſed him, as may be ſeen in many Inſtances, and particularly this of *Oliver Cromwell*.

UNDER him, Loyalty was Treaſon, and Hypocriſy paſſed for Godlineſs; his Government was deſpotical; he ſpar'd none that were but ſuſpected to bear him Ill-will, and diſpoſed of their Lives and Eſtates at Pleaſure; *England* was by him divided into Provinces, under ſo many Major-Generals,

nerals, whoſe Power was unlimited, being his own Creatures, and only accountable to him, who was ſure to connive at all their Villainies, to ſecure them to his Party. The immenſe Sums of Money raiſed by him and his Predeceſſors in Uſurpation, by the Name of a *Parliament*, far exceed all that the true Sovereigns of *England* had ever receiv'd ſince the Conqueſt; for it is a moſt certain Obſervation, that every ſucceſſive Rebellion brings greater Oppreſſion with it, than any of the former; becauſe *Traytors* and *Uſurpers* continually improve upon one another, not only in the Methods of eſtabliſhing their ill-gotten Power, but alſo in racking the People, as well to keep them humble, as to heap to themſelves Treaſure, to ſupport their Authority, and to ſecure a Retreat in caſe of Need; becauſe every one of them knowing himſelf to be no better than a Robber, is in perpetual Dread that the rightful Owner will one Time or other recover his own. Let ſuch Miſcreants pretend what they will, as to Titles and Claims, in order to blind the Ignorant, they cannot ſo much deceive themſelves, but that their own Guilt keeps them upon a perpetual Rack, and is a Worm gnawing their Bowels; though *Satan* has ſo great an

an Influence as never to permit them to repent and do Juſtice to the injured Sufferers, yet Providence, in its own Time, will bring them to Confuſion; for having made Uſe of them as a Rod to chaſtiſe the Sins of the People, they are at laſt deſpiſed, abhorred, and caſt into the Fire.

DEATH having put a Period to *Oliver*'s Tyranny, his Son *Richard* next ſtept into the Throne, was ſolemnly proclaimed and complimented from all Parts of the Nation, with a Multitude of *Addreſſes*, as has been frequently practiſed. Many have laboured to perſuade the World, that this Wretch had no Inclination to accept of the Government; but theſe were meer Flights of others like him, who are ever for extolling, or where they dare not, for excuſing of all *Uſurpers*. Nothing is more certain, than that he was proud of that falſe Grandeur; that he held it as long as he was able, and that he quitted it not by his good Will, but was ignominiouſly caſt out by the ſame Inſtruments who had contributed to exalt his Father and himſelf; Providence ſo ordering, that there might be nothing but Confuſion and Anarchy, till Juſtice again took Place.

*RICHARD*

*RICHARD* being thus expelled, at the End of a few Months, the next Monſter in Power was the *Rump*, made up of forty-two of the virulent Members of the former *Rebel-Houſe of Commons*, whoſe Names are fit to be preſerved as a Monument of Infamy, and were, the Lord *Munſter*,[1] *Harry Martin*,[2] *Whitelock*, *Liſle*, *Thomas Chaloner*,[4] Alderman *Atkins*,[5] Alderman *Pennington*,[6] *Thomas Scot*,[7] *Cornelius Holland*, Sir *Henry Vane*, *Prideaux*, Sir *James Harrington*,[10] Lieutenant-General *Ludlow*,[11] *Michael Oldſworth*,[12] Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*,[13] *Jones*, Colonel *Purefoy*,[14] Colonel *White*, *Harry Nevil*,[16] *Say*, *Blagrave*, Colonel *Bennet*, *Brewſter*, Serjeant *Wild*, *John Goodwin*, *Nicholas Lechmere*, *Auguſtin Skinner*, *Downes*, *Dove*, *John Lenthal*, *Saloway*, *John Corbet*, *Walton*,[25] *Gilbert Willington*, *Gold*, Colonel *Sydenham*, Colonel *Bingham*, Colonel *Ayre*, *Smith*, Colonel *Ingoldsby*, and Lieutenant-General *Fleetwood*.[32] Theſe being got into the Houſe of Commons, kept the Poſſeſſion to themſelves, excluding fourteen others as good as themſelves, who would alſo have crowded in. They preſently voted, that none ſhould ſit there who had not ſate ſince the Year 1648; not that they thought the others any honeſter than themſelves,

ſelves, but becauſe it was more advantageous to themſelves, being ſo few in Number, to govern all. Next they appointed a Council of State, as they called it, to diſpoſe of all the Places of Profit and Truſt, and of the Treaſure of the Nation, whoſe Names are alſo fit to be remembred; for by Names, good Obſervations may be made; they were, Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*, Sir *Henry Vane*, *Ludlow*, *J. Jones*, *Sydenham*, *Scot*, *Saloway*, *Fleetwood*, *Harrington*, *Walcot*, *Nevil*, *Chaloner*, *Downes*, *Whitelock*, *Morley*, *Sydney*, *Thompſon*, *Dixwell*, *Reynolds*, St. *John*, *Wallop*, *Bradſhaw*, *Lambert*, *Desborough*, *Fairfax*, *Berry*, Sir *Anthony Aſhley Cooper*, afterwards Earl of *Shaftsbury*, Sir *Horatio Townſhend*, Sir *Robert Honeywood*, Sir *Archibald Johnſon*, and *Joſiah Berners*. Now, there being no ſurer Support for Villainy, than Superſtition, thoſe Miſcreants appointed a Day of faſting; and to ſhew their Malice to the King and his Friends, whom they ſtill feared, one of them could not forbear, upon that Occaſion, expreſſing himſelf in theſe Words. *The Lord ſtir up the Hearts of his People to Prayer, and ſincere Humiliation, and fill them with Unanimity and Courage, in this evil Time, and make the People to ſee, that whatever*

*whatever fair Pretences may be made Uſe of by the* common Enemy, *to get Power into their Hands, yet ſhould they prevail, no Man that has been of a Party againſt them heretofore, yea, no Man that has been a mere Neuter, but muſt expect that his private Eſtate, as well as the publick Liberty, ſhall become a Prey to a deſperate Crew of ravenous and unreaſonable Men; for let but* CHARLES STUART *get in, and then to ſatisfy the Rabble of Followers, and the Payment of Foreigners to enſlave you, you ſhall ſoon ſee them entail'd upon your ſelves and your Poſterity, to maintain the Pomp and Pride of a luxurious Court, and an abſolute Tyranny.*

OBSERVE here the Language of *Rebels*; ſee what abominable Notions are inculcated to render a rightful Monarch odious. But they did not ſtop here, for the riſing in *Cheſhire*, under Sir *George Booth*, having been ſuppreſs'd by *Lambert*, thoſe helliſh *Saints* proceeded in ſlandering the Royal Family in a moſt outragious Manner; and to crown all Villainies, after having murdered ſo many for Loyalty, they invented a Method to damn their Souls, if by ill Uſage they could draw them into the Snare, which was by an *Abjuration-Oath*, to be

rammed down the Throats of all Perſons, and was in the following Words.

*I* A. B. *do hereby declare, that I renounce* the pretended Title *of* CHARLES STUART, *and the whole Line of the late King* JAMES, &c.

THESE People would not allow of Titles, or that Prince any Right to the Crown, and yet they call'd him by his Name, not King or Prince, but CHARLES STEUART, thereby owning him to be the Son of King CHARLES the Firſt; though they alſo ſometimes call'd him the *Pretender*. It is true, ſome private Villains had the Impudence to revile the Queen his Mother, a Princeſs of untainted Virtue; but that uſurping Government never proceeded to attack her Reputation; they would have murdered her Son, as they had before her Husband, but did not deny him to be lawfully begotten.

TO proceed, the *Rump*, which had begun to lord it, and ſet on Foot the abovementioned horrid *Abjuration-Oath*, falling out with the Army, were themſelves, in *October*, turned out of Doors, and a Council of Military Officers took upon them the Adminiſtration

Adminiſtration of the publick Affairs for ſome Days, till growing ſenſible that was a Province they knew nothing of, they put the Power into the Hands of a Pack of Knaves, under the Title of the *Committee of Safety*; their Names were, *Lambert*, *Desborough*, *Whitelock*, Sir *Harry Vane*, *Ludlow*, *Sydenham*, *Strickland*, *Berry*, *Lawrence*, *Harrington*, *Wareſton*, *Ireton*, *Titchburn*, *Braidrith*, *Thompſon*, *Hewſon*, *Clarke*, *Lilburn*, *Bennet*, and *Cornelius Holland*.

GENERAL *Monk*, who had govern'd *Scotland* under *Oliver* and *Richard Cromwell*, and then under the *Rump*, perceiving the *Engliſh* Nation under a preſent Anarchy, thought fit to exert himſelf. I will not here flatter his Memory, by aſſerting he had ſo early a Deſign of reſtoring the King; many, who were well vers'd in the Tranſactions of thoſe Times, would never allow him that Honour; neither will I go about to diſprove thoſe who have made it their Buſineſs to applaud him. It muſt be owned, he was at the Beginning of the Rebellion in the King's Service; and it is no leſs true, that he afterwards ſerv'd the Rebells ſeveral Years, being in all outward Appearance as ſtedfaſt in that Party, as the beſt of them, without ever endeavour-

ing to thwart them, whilſt the two *Uſurpers* ſat on the Throne, or the *Rump* took upon them the Name of a Parliament. We will not therefore dive into his ſecret Thoughts, but proceed to his Actions, in which, for a long Time, we ſhall ſee very little of Tendency towards a Reſtoration.

As ſoon as the *Rump* was turned out, *Monk* declared againſt thoſe Proceedings of the Army; poſſeſſed himſelf of ſeveral ſtrong Places, and among them, of *Berwick*, *Lambert* was then ſent againſt him, by the Thing call'd *A Council of State*, and Colonel *Collet* went from them to treat, whom *Monk* impriſoned, that he might not have the Opportunity of debauching his Forces. Hereupon a Project of a Free State was ſet on Foot in *England*, and Commiſſioners ſent into *Scotland*, to conſult with *Monk* about it. He reſolved to amuſe them, and ſent Commiſſioners to treat in *London*, who agreed with thoſe appointed by the *Committee of Safety*, upon ſeveral Articles; the firſt of which was,

*THAT the pretended Title of* CHARLES STUART, *or any other Claiming from that Family, ſhould be utterly renounced.*

*Monk*

*MONK* having other Deſigns, would not ratify the Treaty; but having aſſembled the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland*, whom he had before obliged by his Courteſy and mild Government, they promiſed to endeavour to preſerve the Peace of the Nation during his Abſence, and advanced him a Year's Tax. Whilſt he was preparing there to execute his Projects, the People in *England*, and particularly the City of *London*, began to draw up Petitions for ſettling ſome more regular Sort of Government, and particularly for that they called a *Parliament*, as if any ſuch could be aſſembled without the King's Authority. But ſuch an Aſſembly they were for, which thoſe in Power endeavoured to obſtruct, by publiſhing a Proclamation againſt any ſuch Petitions, and ordered the pretended Lord-Mayor not to ſuffer any to be ſigned. The young Fry of the City grew more boiſterous upon this Prohibition; whereupon Colonel *Hewſon* was ſent into the City, with a Body of Horſe, who finding the Shops ſhut, and a Multitude in the Streets, killed two or three, and diſperſed the reſt. However, the Garriſon of *Portſmouth* revolting, and worſe Conſequences being feared, the *Cabal*, which then ſet at *Walingford*-

Houſe, voted, that a Parliament ſhould be called in *February* next. At the ſame Time Forces were ſent to reduce *Portſmouth*; but they were eaſily induced to join with thoſe they were to have ſubdued, and Vice-Admiral *Lawſon* declared for calling again the *Long Parliament*. After much Contention, the *Rump* was again reinſtated, and began to act as imperiouſly as before. One of their firſt Actions, was, the giving of the Government of the *Tower* to that Monſter Sir *Anthony Aſhley Cooper*, the Idol of his Party, long after, though they joined *Weaver* and *Berners* in Commiſſion with him. Whilſt this was in Agitation, *Lambert*'s Army moſtly deſerted him, ſome going over to *Monk*, and the reſt returning to their former Quarters. *Lambert* himſelf, thus forſaken, was ſent for by the *Rump*, to curb the Forces about *London*, which began to be outragious.

THIS was the Poſture of Affairs, when General *Monk* began to advance out of *Scotland*. The Gentry, in all Places he came to, making Suit to have the *Long Parliament* ſit again, all whom he diſmiſs'd with ambiguous Anſwers, ſo that none could penetrate into his Deſigns, and in all Probability he then had reſolved no more than

to

to make his own Advantage according to Emergencies. The *Rump* dreading his Approach, reſolv'd, that all Members diſcharged from ſitting among them in the Years 1648 and 1649, ſhould remain excluded from ſitting for the future, and that Writs ſhould be iſſued for electing others in their Places; none of which ſo elected were to be admitted without taking the *Oath of Abjuration* of CHARLES STUART, and the whole Line of King JAMES.

UPON this, *Monk* haſted to *London*, and took up his Lodging in *White-Hall*, like a little Monarch, and attended the *Rump*, to whom he made a canting Speech, as the Cuſtom was then, hinting at a Free-State, and deſired them to take Heed of Cavaliers and Fanaticks. Then, by Order of the *Council of State* and *Rump*, he marched into the City, demanded the Aſſeſſment they had refuſed to pay, and threw down their Gates, Poſts and Chains. For this good Service he was ſo well rewarded by his then Maſters, that they reduced him from a General to a Colonel, only making him one of the Seven, who were to have the Command of the Army. *Monk* thus roughly handled, thought it high Time to ſecure himſelf, and accordingly having Recourſe

courſe to his own Forces, which he brought out of *Scotland*, they reſolved to ſtand by him, to join with the City, and to declare for a Free Parliament. This was immediately put in Execution, and a Letter to that Effect ſent to the Speaker, whilſt all the Bells of the City were rung for Joy, and at Night all the Streets were full of Bonfires. Next the ſeculed Members were ſummoned to meet him at *White-Hall*, whence they were conducted to the *Houſe of Commons*, and there confirmed the Vote they had made in the Year 1648, when they had been forced thence, *That the Conceſſions of the late King were a ſufficient Ground to proceed on for ſettling the Peace of the Nation.* This was in *February* 1659. Next they appointed *Monk* General of all the Forces in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and having ſettled a Council of State to govern the three Nations, on the 16th of *March* enſuing, diſſolved themſelves, after having taken upon them to iſſue Writs for the calling of another Parliament.

WHILST the Council of State governed, *Lambert*, who had been commited to the *Tower*, making his Eſcape, gathered a conſiderable Body of the diſcontented Forces, which had been disbanded about *Warwick*; but

but Colonel *Ingoldsby*, ſent by General *Monk*, eaſily routed and took him Priſoner. This ſettled Series of Confuſions had ſo exhauſted the People, that Oppreſſion opening their Eyes, to perceive there could never be any Hopes of Peace or Happineſs, 'till Juſtice were done to their much injured King. The Royaliſts took Heart, and ventured to appear again; the *Presbyterians*, who had been the Incendiaries, and ſet the Nation in a Flame, being intirely cruſhed by the *Independants*, thought it their ſafeſt Courſe to join with the *Cavaliers*, not out of any loyal Principles, (for where could any be among thoſe who had maliciouſly ſhed ſo much Blood to deſtroy their Sovereign? but believing their former Villainies might be forgot, and themſelves above thoſe who had been all along Sufferers for Juſtice.

In the mean Time, *Monk* had received a Meſſage from the King by Sir *John Greenville*, to whom he returned ſuch myſterious Anſwers, as he was wont to give to others. On the 25th of *April*, 1660, that happy Year ever to be bleſſed by ſuch as retain the leaſt Spark of Loyalty, the new Parliament met, the Lords being alſo admitted to ſit in their own Houſe; ſo that ſomething

thing of the ancient Conſtitution began to appear; the two Eſtates, that is, the Lords Temporal and the Commons, being again in their Places, though there ſtill wanted the third Eſtate, being the Lords Spiritual, and the Head and Sovereign of them all, *viz.* His Sacred Majeſty. Thoſe two Eſtates ſo convened, perceiving the whole Expectation of the ſo long oppreſſed People, lay upon them, to find ſome Expedient to deliver them from ſo many Calamities, took the true and only method for ſecuring the Peace and Felicity of theſe Kingdoms, by reſtoring of the King; and accordingly on the 8th of *May*, CHARLES the Second was proclamed King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*. The true and ſincere Joy of the conſtant Loyaliſts, who had for ſo many Years lived in a worſe than *Egyptian* Thraldom, is not to be expreſſed; they had ſufficient Reaſon to Rejoice, who had ſuffered ſo much for their Sovereign, and been the Object of the Malice and Contempt of all uſurping Powers, whoſe chief Care it had always been to oppreſs and keep them under. The old *Rebels*, who had miſſed their Aim, having been themſelves cruſhed, when they had hunted their King down, by another treacherous Crew

Crew like themſelves, ſtruck in with the truly loyal Party, and would be thought to exult in the bringing home of their King; whereas, in reality, it was to ſee the Downfall of their late Task-Maſters, who had handled them as roughly as if they had never been the Beginners and Carriers on of the Rebellion. The Multitude which for ſo many Years had cry'd out, *Crucify Him*, now join'd in *Hoſanna's*.

THUS all ſeem'd unanimous in bringing home their *David*. His Majeſty in the mean Time, ſends to the Parliament, the Lord *Mordaunt* and Sir *John Greenville*, with a Promiſe of Pardon to all Perſons in general, except ſuch as the Parliament ſhould think fit to be excepted; referred the Purchaſers of Crown and Church Lands to the ſaid Parliament, and gave the Soldiers Aſſurances of their Arrears, and future Encouragement. The King's Letters and Declaration having been read, ſix Commiſſioners were named by the Lords, and twelve by the Commons, to go over to *Breda*, to return his Majeſty their humble Thanks, and intreat his ſpeedy coming over, to take upon him the Adminiſtration of the Government.

IN

IN the mean Time all Things were diſpoſed for his Majeſty's Reception, and the Fleet ſent over under the Command of General *Montague*. The King embarked on *Wedneſday* the 23d of *May*, againſt the *Naſeby*, whoſe Name he altered, calling it the *Charles*, and with a fair Gale ſoon arrived within two Leagues of *Dover*. There he landed *Friday* the 25th, being met on the Shore by General *Monk*, with whom, and the Dukes of *York* and *Glouceſter*, his two Royal Brothers, he proceeded by Coach to *Dover*. After a ſhort Stay there, his Majeſty was conducted by the General, with a Guard of Horſe, and great Numbers of Nobility and Gentry, beſides an infinite Multitude of the meaner Sort, to *Canterbury*, and there received and entertained by the Mayor and other Magiſtrates in their Formalities, who preſented him with a rich Bible, and a Gold Cup full of broad Pieces, as an Acknowledgment of their Duty. The King continued at *Canterbury* all *Saturday* and *Sunday*, the 26th and 27th, with all his Retinue; and on *Monday* the 28th went on, firſt to *Cobham-Hall*, a Houſe belonging to the Duke of *Richmond*, in *Kent*, and then to *Rocheſter*. On *Tueſday* the 29th, that glorious Day, ever to be thankfully remembred,

remembred, he ſet out for *London*, the number of Nobility and Gentry about him ſtill increaſing, and ſeveral Regiments of the beſt Horſe making a Guard for him, whilſt the innumerable Crowds of the common Sort ſtrew'd all the Roads with Herbs and Flowers, and hung the Trees and Hedges with Garlands. He made a ſhort Stay at *Black-Heath*, to view the Army drawn up there, and about one o'Clock came to St. *George's-Fields*, where the Lord-Mayor and Aldermen waited in a Tent to receive him. *Allen*, then Lord-Mayor, delivered his Majeſty the City Sword, and received it again with the Honour of Knighthood. A ſplendid Entertainment was there provided, of which the King took Part, and then the ſolemn Calvacade was continued. From the Bridge to *Temple-Bar* the Streets were railed on the one Side with diſtinct Standings for the ſeveral Liveries, and the other lined by the Train'd-Bands, and Gentlemen Voluntiers, all in white Doublets, under the Sir *John Stawell*. The Manner of this Triumphal Proceſſion was as follows:

FIRST marched a Troop of Gentlemen, all in Silver Doublets, with drawn Swords, being in Number about three hundred, be-

ſides their Servants, and led by Major-General *Brown*.

ANOTHER Troop of about an hundred, in Velvet Coats, their Footmen in Purple Liveries.

A Troop under Sir *John Robinſon*, with Buff Coats, Cloth of Silver Sleeves, and green Scarfs.

A Troop of about two hundred, in blue Coats laced with Silver, their Standard fring'd with Silver.

ANOTHER Troop with ſix Trumpets, their Standard Pike fring'd with Silver, their Footmen in Liveries of Sea Green, lac'd with Silver.

ANOTHER Troop of above two hundred and twenty, their Standard Sky, fringed with Silver, with four Trumpets and thirty Footmen, the Troop under the Earl of *Northampton*.

ANOTHER Troop of an hundred and five, in grey Coats, led by the Lord *Garing*, with ſix Trumpets, and their Standard Sky, with Silver Fringes.

ANOTHER Troop of ſeventy.

ANOTHER Troop of about three hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen, under the Lord *Cleveland*.

ANO-

ANOTHER Troop of about an hundred, their Standard black.

ANOTHER Troop of three hundred, led by the Lord *Mordant*. All theſe Troops finely mounted, and richly accoutered.

NEXT followed two Trumpets, with his Majeſty's Arms.

THE Sheriffs Men, ſeventy-two in Number, in red Cloaks lac'd with Silver, and carrying Half-Pikes.

A Troop of divers Perſons out of the ſeveral Companies of *London*, all in Velvet Coats, with Gold Chains, each Parcel having their reſpective Streamers and Footmen, with different Liveries.

TWELVE Miniſters on Horſeback.

HIS Majeſty's Life-Guard, led by Sir *Gilbert Gerrard*, and Major *Roſcarrock*.

THE City-Marſhal with eight Footmen, and the City-Waits and Officers.

THE two Sheriffs, with all the Aldermen of *London*, in their Scarlet Gowns and rich Trappings, their Footmen in red Coats laced with Silver, and Waiſtcoats of Cloth of Gold.

THE Maces and Heralds in their rich Coats.

THE Lord-Mayor bare, carrying the Sword.

THE Duke of *Buckingham* and General *Monk*, both bare.

THEN the King between his two Brothers, the Dukes of *York* and *Glouceſter*.

NEXT a Troop bare, with white Colours.

THE General's Life-Guard.

ANOTHER Troop of Gentry.

*Laſtly*, Five Regiments of Horſe, with Back, Breaſt, and Head-Pieces.

THE Calvacade was cloſed by a vaſt Number of Gentry and others, on Horſe-back, richly clad and accoutered; the whole Number of it amounting to above twenty thouſand Horſe. The Streets all the Way from *Southwark* to *Whitehall*, were hung with Tapiſtry and rich Silks.

IN this Manner his Majeſty was conducted to *Whitehall*, where both Houſes of Parliament waited upon him in the *Banqueting-Houſe*, where he was congratulated in their Names, by the Earl of *Mancheſter* for the *Houſe of Lords*, and Sir *Harbottle Grimſton* for the *Commons*. That Night was entirely devoted to Joy in all Parts, the Conduits in the City running Wine, and the Streets being made as light as Day with the Number of Bonfires.

HAVING thus brought his Majeſty home with ſuch univerſal Appearance of Satisfaction,

tion, there remains nothing to add to that moſt auſpicious Day, and the undeſerved Bleſſing then beſtow'd on an ungrateful Generation. It is true, the Parliament in that zealous Fit, with good Reaſon, eſtabliſhed a perpetual Anniverſary to be obſerv'd on the 29th of *May*, which had not only reſtor'd the King to his Right, but theſe three Nations to a State of Bliſs, had they known how to value and preſerve it; but that was not their Fate, Fanatick Rage was covered over for a while, but not quenched. The old Spirit of Rebellion ſoon broke the ſlight Fetters, which had confined it, and actuated even thoſe Wretches whom the King had loaded with undeſerved Honours and Preferments for their pretended Loyalty, after they had been ſo many Years exerciſing their Malice openly againſt the Royal Family. Mercy and Goodneſs degenerate into Vice, when they exceed their proper Bounds; the greateſt Fault in that good King, (for what Mortal is free from Frailties) was the perferring his known Enemies, who fawn'd upon him when they could do him no more Harm, and the ſlighting of thoſe who had ſacrificed their all in performing their Duty to his Royal Father and himſelf. The Court ſwarm'd with none

ſo much as thoſe, who had been the chief Inſtruments in bringing King CHARLES the Firſt to an End ſo ſhameful to the Nation; the *Rebel-Generals*, the firſt *Ringleaders* of the Multitude to Mutiny, and the very *Rumpers*, who had gone through the whole Courſe of Villainy, appear'd glittering in the higheſt Poſts, and looking down with Scorn on thoſe heroick Sufferers whom Loyalty had reduced to Want and Beggery. His Majeſty was ſoon made ſenſible of the Error he had been led into, by the Malice and Avarice of thoſe who being intent upon aggrandizing their own Families, regarded not his Intereſt, but made all Preferments venal, and did not ſtick to ſhare among themſelves even thoſe Eſtates which the *Uſurpers* had taken from ſuch as had been their Enemies, and the King's ſincere Friends. Thus was his Majeſty put into the Hands of thoſe who were for making of him a glorious Prince, in the ſame Manner as they had done his Father; and indeed he was by Degrees brought to the Brink of Ruin. The Fanaticks never ceaſed practiſing againſt him from his firſt being ſettled on the Throne, 'till it pleaſed God to reſcue him, in his own Time, from their bloody Deſigns. They began early to diſturb his Reign, and his

Mercy

Mercy encouraged them ſtill to grown more inſolent. What Affronts were not offered him by Lords and Commons? What greater Eſcape could he have, after his former, before the Reſtoration, than that he had at *Oxford*, from the bloody Deſigns there laid againſt him? Unleſs it were that of the *Rye-Houſe*, ſo cloſe carry'd, and ſo near the Execution, for deſtroying at one Stroke all the Royal Family, had not Providence, in a miraculous Manner, prevented and detected it. The *Oxford* and the *Rye-Houſe* Eſcapes, may be reckoned Second and Third Reſtorations, that ſacred Life was wonderfully both Times preſerved, which reſtored Happineſs to theſe Kingdoms, whilſt it laſted; but it was too great a Bleſſing to be of long Continuance, and it was decreed, that a perverſe People ſhould ſuffer for their Ingratitude.

## *A further Deſcription of the ſeveral Forms of Government, which by Turns prevailed, during the Grand Uſurpation.*

NO ſooner had we rejected that *excellent Prince*, who only had *Right*, by all Laws

Laws Human and Divine, *to reign over us*, but preſently many of our Fellow Subjects took upon to be our Princes, and to govern us arbitrarily at their own Pleaſure, in order to their own avaritious and ambitious Ends. And that firſt in an *Ariſtocratical* Way, as a *Senate* or *Council of State*, wherein nothing could be done without Conſent of ſome of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*. But it was not long (after *Royalty* was gone) but *Nobility* followed, and was excluded alſo. And *then* came *Democracy*, or the Government of the common People by their own Repreſentatives only; which encreaſed the Number of our Princes, and the Vileneſs of our Slavery by the Meanneſs of our Maſters. But theſe, their own *Mercenaries*, did quickly deprive them of the Power they had uſurped and abuſed; and then came in *Stratocracy*, or the Government by the Sword, and thereby we had as *many Princes* as there were *Baſhaws* or *Major-Generals*, who perhaps, if they had out-lived their great *Sultan*, would have *canton'd* the Kingdom, and erected their ſeveral Provinces into ſo many ſeveral Principalities. But by this very Means the very *Name* of Liberty and Property, which were before pretended, were quite taken away. Only there was

*Liberty*

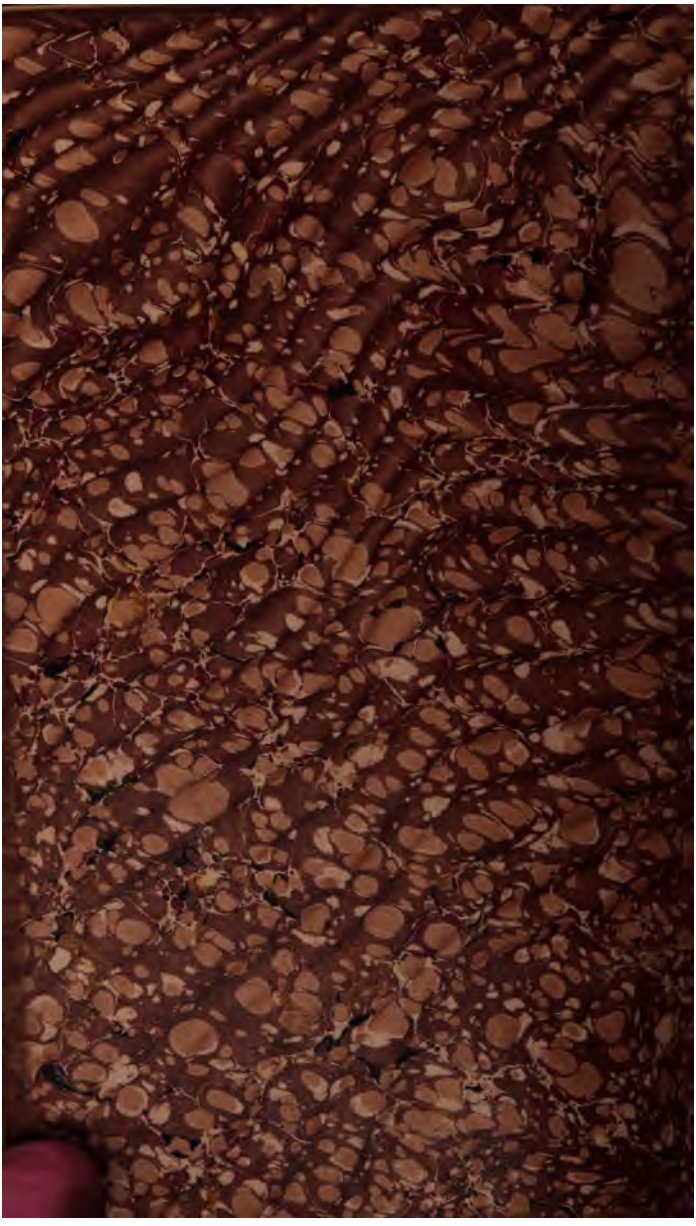
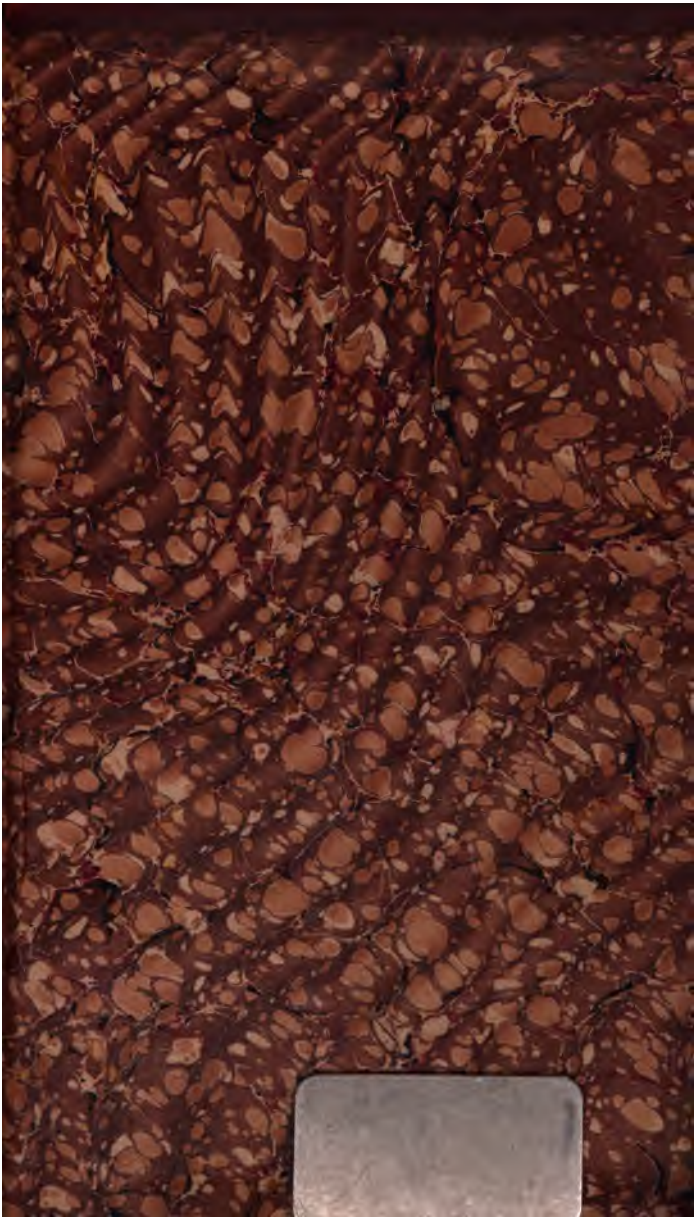
*Liberty* enough, and too much, indeed a lawleſs, bound eſs *Licence* in Matter of *Religion*; all Ways of worſhipping God being allowed, but the true one; and all admitted to the ſacred Function, but ſuch as were *lawfully called* unto it; in the mean time every Sect had its *Head*, and every one that was *Head* of a *Sect*, was *Prince* of a Party; ſo that we have *ſeen* what it is to have *many Princes*, nay, we have *felt* it to be a ſore Judgment by the terrible Effects of it; which did ſpread themſelves over the Face, and through the Veins, and into the Bowels of the three Kingdoms; at once embracing, involving, and confounding all Places, Perſons, and all Conditions, publick and private, high and low, ſacred and prophane; for from the King in his Throne, to the Beggar in the Duſt, no Thing, Place or Perſon almoſt hath been without *feeling* ſome or other the terrible Effects of *this Judgment*. How many have loſt their Limbs, their Liberty, their Country, their Eſtates, their Friends, and have been reduced to extream Poverty, both at home and abroad? How many goodly Buildings and *Churches* (the glorious Evidences and Monuments of our Anceſtors Piety and Charity) have been profaned and defac'd? How many

many poor innocent Perſons of both Sexes, all Ages, and all Conditions, have been either murdered, or baniſhed, or impriſoned, or oppreſſed with Extortion of all Kinds, and of all Degrees, without any poſſibility of Help, or Hope of Remedy? Laſtly, How many poor *Souls*, for which *Chriſt died*, have been betrayed into *Rebellion* and *Sacrilege*, *Schiſm* and *Hereſy*, *Uncharitableneſs* and *Cruelty*, by the horrible *Abuſe* of *Preaching*, *Praying*, *Faſting*, *Vowing*, and all other the ſacred Ordinances of God? *Biſhop* Morley's *Sermon at the Magnificent Coronation of King* CHARLES II.

WHEN a violent, victorious *Faction* and *Rebellion* had over-run all, and made Loyalty to the King, and Conformity to the Church, Crimes unpardonable, and of a Guilt not to be expiated, but at the Price of Life or Eſtate; when Men were put to *ſwear* away all Intereſt in the next World, to ſecure a very poor one in this (for they had then *Oaths* to murder Souls, as well as Sword and Piſtol for the Body) nay, when the Perſecution run ſo high, that that execrable Monſter *Cromwell*, made and publiſhed that barbarous and heathenish, or rather inhuman *Edict*, againſt the poor ſuffering Epiſcopal Clergy, that *they ſhould neither*

*ther Preach nor Pray in publick, nor Learn, nor marry, nor bury, nor Visit Sick, nor so much as live in any Corporation* [illegible] who in meer Compaſſion to give them Meat to take them in from perishing in the Street; that is, in other Words, that they muſt ſtarve and die *ex officio*, and being turned out of their *Churches*, take Poſſeſſion only of the *Church-Yard*, as ſo many Victims to the remorſleſs Rage of a ſour, ill-bred Tyrant, profeſſing Piety, without as much as common Humanity: I ſay, when Rage and Perſecution, Cruelty and *Cromwellism*, were at that diabolical Pitch, tyrannizing over every Thing that looked like Loyalty, Conſcience and Conformity, ſo that he who took not their *Engagement* could not take any Thing elſe, tho' it were given him, being thereby debarred from the common Benefit of the Law, in ſuing for, or recovering of his Right in any of their Courts of Juſtice (all of them ſtill following the Motion of the *High One*) yet even then, and under that diſmal State of Things, there were many thouſands who never bowed the Knee to *Baal Cromwell*, *Baal-Covenant*, or *Baal-Engagement*. Dr. *South*.

WHO

WHO that looked upon *Agathocles* handling the Clay, and making Pots under his Father, and afterwards turning Robber, could have thought that from ſuch a Condition, he ſhould come to be King of *Sicily*? Who that had ſeen *Maſſianello*, a poor Fiſherman in a red Cap, and his Angle, could have reckoned it poſſible to ſee ſuch a pitiful Thing, within a Week after, ſhining in his Cloth of Gold, and, with a Word or Nod, abſolutely commanding the whole City of *Naples*? And who, that had beheld ſuch a Bankrupt, beggarly Fellow, as *Cromwell* firſt entering the Parliament-Houſe, with a Thread-bare Coat, torn Cloak, and a greaſy Hat, (and perhaps neither of them paid for) could have ſuſpected that, in the Space of ſo few Years, he ſhould, by the Murder of one King, and the Baniſhment of another, aſcend the Throne, be inveſted in the Royal Robes, and want nothing of the State of a King, but the changing of his Hat into a Crown. *Idem.*

*F I N I S.*